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## REVIEWS

GÖTTE aus näherem persönlichen Umgange dargestellt—*Goethe represented from an intimate and personal intercourse: a Posthumous Work.* By Johannes Falk.

We heretofore made mention of the publication of this work, and promised our readers some farther account of it so soon as it should come to hand. We now keep this promise, at the same time confessing that our expectations have been greatly disappointed. From the acute and observing mind of Falk, who for several years enjoyed the intimacy of Goethe, and lived in daily intercourse with him, we expected a work more abounding in anecdote and personal observations. The fact appears to be, that Falk, as a friend and admirer of Goethe, thought it necessary to favour the world with a new defence of the author of 'Faust,' against renewed accusations of the immoral tendency of his writings, and of personal indifference to the political fate of his country; and he has therefore adduced only such facts as, in his judgment, tended to illustrate the peculiar disposition of Goethe.

"It is, no doubt," says Falk, "a peculiar distinction of his genius, that he, as it were, loses himself, and, to a certain degree, dreamingly transmutates himself into the object of his immediate contemplation, whether this happens to be a human being, an animal, a bird, or a plant. Nor can it be denied that Goethe's greatness, both as a naturalist and a poet—his style, his sentiments, his impersonations, his originality, and, I would almost say, the whole weakness as well as strength of his moral nature—may be explained by this intense attention to physical phenomena. Often I have heard him, when he wished to abandon himself to such an investigation, request his friends not to obtrude on him the thoughts of others on the same subject, as it was a strict, undeviating maxim with him, to repel in such a mood of mind every extraneous influence. It was not till after he had tried his whole strength on a subject—when, as it were, he had placed himself opposite to it, and conversed with it alone, that he would enter on the opinions of others; indeed, it delighted him to know what long before him others had thought, done, or written, on the same subject. He would then candidly rectify his views in some particulars; but would also rejoice like a child, when he found that, by his own unbiassed efforts, he had gained a new view of its phenomena. \* \* \* Our old German magician (to speak figuratively), has understood and explained much of the language of birds and flowers. His 'Metamorphoses of Plants,' and 'Doctrine of Colours,' are beautiful monuments of his calm spirit of inquiry: they are filled with the inspired glances of a seer, reaching far forward into coming centuries of science; so, on the other hand, his biographical sketches of Wieland and Voss, two characters so different from his own, sufficiently display, not only his art, but his own beautiful mind, which was able, like a clear

stainless mirror, to receive and reflect every object in its utmost purity."

But we are afraid the majority of our readers are not so much interested in the character of this great man as we are ourselves. Goethe is, in truth, little known in this country, but by hearsay; few of his works have been well translated, and these have had but a limited circulation. We shall, therefore, pass for the present to more amusing matter, and only inform the admirers of 'Faust,' that they will find in this little volume a very interesting commentary on the principal portion of this modern *divina comedia*.

The following is a pleasant specimen of Goethe's mode of life and conversational powers, as well as of his views of nature:—

"One summer's day, in the year 1809, I found him in his garden. He sat by a little table, on which stood a long-necked bottle, containing a lively serpent, which he kept feeding with a quill, and made it an object of daily observation. He said that it already knew him, as it always approached its head towards the edge of the bottle, when it saw him approach. 'What beautiful intelligent eyes!' he continued. 'With such a head, it ought to have had many other advantages; but the clumsy writhing body would admit of no more. Nature has withheld hands and feet from this oblong organization, although its head and eyes would have deserved them both. The skeletons of many marine animals distinctly show that Nature, in composing them, already thought of a superior species of terrestrial animals. Very often, in the adverse element, she contents herself with a fish's tail, where she would fain have added a pair of hind legs—indeed, where a sketch of them may be traced in the skeletons.'

"By the side of the bottle lay a few cocoons with caterpillars, which Goethe expected would shortly appear, as one could feel them move in the hand. He took them up, looked at them very attentively, and then told his boy to take them into the house, as they would hardly come out so late in the day. It was then four o'clock. At this moment Madame von Goethe entered the garden. Goethe took the cocoons again from the boy, and replaced them on the table. 'How beautifully the fig-tree has got into blossom and leaves!' she called from afar, as she approached us; then, after the usual compliments having passed between her and me, she asked if I had seen and admired the tree closely. 'Pray let us not forget,' she added, addressing her husband, 'to secure it against the winter.' Goethe smiled, and said, 'Pray, let her show you the fig-tree immediately, else we shall have no peace the whole evening. But it is really a fine tree, and deserves to be taken care of.'—'What is the name of the foreign plant,' resumed the lady, 'which was lately sent to us from Jena?'—'You mean, perhaps, the large hellebore?'—'Exactly: it is thriving wonderfully.'—'I am glad of it. In the end we may be able to make a second Anticyra of this place.'—'Here are the cocoons too: have you not noticed anything yet?'—'I had laid them aside for you. Look,' added

he, taking them up again, and holding them to his ear, 'how it knocks, and jumps, and struggles unto life! I would call these transmutations wonderful, if the wonderful in nature were not that which occurs every moment. Be this as it may, our friend here must also see the sight. The insect will be out in a day or two, and it will be as fine a one as you have ever seen. I invite you to be here in the garden to-morrow afternoon, if you desire to see something more remarkable than the most remarkable things Kotzebue saw in *The Most Remarkable Year of his Life*, in his distant trip to Tobolsk. In the meantime, let us place the box in which our fair sylphide is still dressing herself in some sunny window of the summer-house. There you stand, my good, pretty child! No one shall hinder thee in this corner from finishing thy toilet.'—'But,' resumed the lady, glancing at the serpent, 'how can you bear such an ugly creature about you, and even like to feed it with your own hands. It makes me shudder to look at it!'—'Don't say a word!' answered Goethe:—(who although calm by nature, had no objection to this kind of lively prattle);—then, turning to me, he continued, 'Yes, if the serpent would do her the favour to spin, and to become a pretty butterfly, there would be nothing said about its horrible appearance. But, dear child, we cannot all be butterflies and fig-trees full of blossom and fruit. Poor snake! they neglect thee: they should look more kindly on thee. How it lifts up its head, and looks at me, as if it knew that I was pleading its cause!' \* \* \* Having said this, he began to lay aside his pencil and the paper on which he had been drawing all the while some fantastic landscape, without interrupting himself in his discourse."

But he was not always in this quiet contemplative mood: sometimes, when teased by trivial annoyances, he would break out into a strain of invective as severe as it was humorous. Our author gives an entertaining instance of this. One day he found Goethe in the garden, after he had just received the refusal of an actor to play that evening, when all the parts had been arranged:—

"Such insults," he said, in great rage, (filling another glass of wine, and making me sit down,) 'I must submit to from people who, when they get in at one gate of Weimar, already look for the other by which to make their exit. I have been these fifty years a favourite author of the nation you are pleased to call the German; have for these twenty or thirty years been acting privy-councillor, and must yet allow such fellows to overtop me. The deuce take it! To be obliged, at my time of life, to play a principal part in such a tragi-comedy! You will tell me that theatrical affairs are, after all, nothing but rubbish—for you have looked pretty well behind the curtain—and that I should act wisely to throw up the concern at once. But I answer you, that the battery which a general has to defend is also mere rubbish, yet he cannot give it up without also giving up his honour. You must not therefore think him particularly fond of rubbish, nor me either.'

"But just posterity," said I—'Let me hear nothing of posterity,' said Goethe, interrupting

me hastily; 'nor of the public, nor of the justice they may one day render to my efforts. I curse the *Tasso*, because they say it will descend to posterity; I curse *Iphigenia*;—in a word, I curse everything which this public like in me. I know that they belong to the day, and the day to them; but I won't live for the day. That is the reason why I will have nothing to do with that Kotzebue, because I am determined not to lose even an hour with people who cannot sympathize with me, nor I with them. If ever I should succeed in getting up a work—but I am too old for that—which should make the Germans curse me for some fifty or a hundred years to come, and make them abuse me at all times and in all places, that would be my great delight. It must be something splendid which should produce such an effect with a public so callous as this. There is at least some character in hatred; and if we did but begin once again to show a character, be it in whatever it may, there would be some chance of our again becoming a people. But most of us neither understand how to love or to hate. They don't like me! The faint word! I don't like them either! I have never been able to please them. Above all, if, after my death, my Walpurgis bag should be reopened, and all the Stygian sprites, which I have shut up therein, should break forth to tease them as they have been teasing me; or if, in the continuation of "Faust," they should hit upon the part where I let the Devil himself find mercy and pardon before God,—they will never forgive me the offence. For these thirty years they have been plaguing themselves with the broomsticks on the Brocken, and the cat's conversation in the witch's kitchen, and have never succeeded in allegorizing this dramatic humorous nonsense. Even the ingenious Madame de Staël blamed me for having made the Devil too tame, in the scene with God the Father: what would she say if she were to meet him again in a higher grade, even in heaven!—On my asking what he meant by the Walpurgis bag, of which I had just heard for the first time, he replied, with the assumed gravity of a judge of Avernus, 'It is a kind of infernal bag, sack, cavity, or by whatever name you may choose to denominate it, originally destined for the reception of witch-scenes in Faust. But, by degrees, as hell itself, which at first had but one chamber, received the additions of the limbos and the purgatory, its destination was extended. Every paper which falls into this bag, falls into hell, from which, as you know, there is no redemption. Indeed, I have a great mind to-day to throw myself into it: and, believe me, I should not get back again. There is a fire burning there, which, if it once got vent, would consume friends and foes. I, at least, would not advise any one to come too near it. I am afraid of it myself.'

Falk, however, gives us, as a specimen of the contents of this mysterious bag (of which it is hoped we shall soon see the whole), an abstract of a suppressed scene of Faust, in which the doctor, having been induced by his "infernal" friend to pay a visit to the emperor, tires his majesty by his learned disquisitions on sublime things; but is relieved by the Devil, who imperceptibly takes his place and shape, and continues the conversation from the point where Faust has stopped. But he talks in a very different key, *à tort et à travers*, till the "lord of Christendom" declares he never met with such a genius in all his life. If the scene be but half so good as that between Mephistopheles and the Student, it must be capital.

We conclude with the following anecdote, although Goethe plays but a secondary part in it:—

"Goethe was, for a time, manager of an amateur theatre at Weimar. Once, when the 'Jealous Husband' was to be performed, the gentleman who was to act the lover was suddenly taken ill. A Saxon captain good-naturedly offered to undertake the part, although he confessed that he had but little experience in such matters. He went through the rehearsals very decently, and there was little doubt but that, with the help of a good prompter, all would go on well. But when the poor captain actually appeared before the audience, he seemed to lose all memory; still he contrived to halt on till the jealous husband was to rush in and stab him. At this unlucky moment he forgot the catchword, and continued hemming for several minutes, while the furious husband was standing between the side scenes with the uplifted dagger, ready to strike. The captain was about to begin his part afresh, catchwords and all, when, on the advice of Goethe, the husband rushed in, and, by one desperate lunge, thought to silence him. Not so—the captain stood like a wall. It was to no purpose that his adversary entreated him, in a low voice, to fall and die; 'I have not got the catchword,' was the invariable reply. At last Goethe, quite out of patience, called from behind the scenes: 'Stab him in the back if he won't fall—we must get rid of him at all events.' Upon this, the husband, who had also lost his presence of mind, cried, with a voice of thunder, 'Die, villain!' and gave him, at the same time, such a blow in the side, that the captain, unprepared for this attack in his flank, actually fell down from the shock; upon which Goethe, fearing his resuscitation, instantly sent in four stout servants with orders to carry him off, dead or alive, by main force."

#### *The Natural Son.* London: Simpkin & Marshall.

THIS is a singular work: amid much that is prosaic and impertinent, there is not a little true, free, vigorous poetry; amid many rambling and incoherent things, there are passages of beauty and feeling worthy of famous names. Savage, in one of his happier moods, sang of 'The Bastard,' and claimed for him a glory "like a comet's blaze"; in like manner our author claims for his 'Natural Son' a kind of meteoric splendour, and certainly regards him as something more ecstatic than if he had sprung, through permission of mother church, from the sober bed of marriage. If he meant that, as his hero had not the good fortune to come quite regularly into the world, he had a right to act irregularly when he was in it, there can be no doubt that he has fulfilled his meaning to the letter. The 'Natural Son' is a sad lad—wilful and wild—fond of roaming, and flirting, and gazing on curling love-locks and other tempting and picturesque matters, all of which are described in the rhyming chronicle of his historian: we shall now present Selwyn, the hero of the narrative, to the reader, and follow him a little on his way in this weary world:—

Our hero roused his energy of mind,  
Our buoyant trod the London road along;—  
On either side the elm and ivy twined,  
And the wild thrush poured forth its plaintive song:  
The setting sun in gorgeous hues declined,  
Leaving a wake of glory, radiant long;  
The distant village pealed its vesper bell,  
When Selwyn turned to take a last farewell.  
The clear vibration from the distant chime,  
Floating o'er fallow land, and mead, and flood—  
The deep enchantment of that twilight time—  
The stilly sounds that swept the wave and wood—  
Pressed on his heart, attuning into rhyme  
The sadness of his melancholy mood;  
And the soft cadence of that prayer-bell  
Had fastened on his spirit like a spell.

On his way to London he dines at an inn, and being something at a loss for an adventure, he looks at a romantic bar-maid, who had a taste for sweet music and wandering travellers: he sees at once that he can diffuse her beauties over a dozen stanzas: her looks are thus recorded:—

And then she gather'd up her silk attire,  
And placed the lights upon the polished table;  
Her well-turned form the sculptor might admire,  
And choose it for a model: soft as sable  
Was the black lash that veiled her glance of fire,  
Flashing forbidden beams; would I were able  
To trace these subtle shades, half-love—half hope—  
Deep, fond, and melting as an antelope,—  
Roaming, with its young mate, the desert wide:—  
The soft, voluptuous swimming of the eyes—  
The small white hand—the lip like scarlet dyed—  
The circling breast, formed to engender sighs  
In man's stern being: have ye seen a bride,  
Led to the altar, in her virgin days,  
When her becoming blushes, like a star made  
Light for her lover's heart? so beamed the bar-maid.

He arrives in London: he had run away from the University, because some one had upbraided him with his birth; and having nothing in his pocket, he enters into the police, and acquits himself so as to gain what he calls the grim approbation of Sir Richard Birnie. He sees many touching sights, and some merry ones: whatever he sees he draws. Here is one of his sad pictures: those who know London will perceive how mournfully correct the portrait is.

One bitter night he paced near Whitehall Stair;  
The bridge looked lone and tenacious; the lamps  
Cast o'er the murky stream a fitful glare,  
Paling the gathered gloom; the vapoury damps  
Condensed upon his brow; whilst lonely there,  
In dirt bedabbled drapery, that stamps  
The carnal sinners, some poor straggler roved—  
Heart-struck and faint—a victim that had loved.  
It was a bitter night—a bleak March night—  
Rainy and raw—the fog crept to the bone:  
In the dim haze, she faded from his sight,  
Leaving her head in anguish on the stone  
Of the cold granite block: her brow—how white—  
How marble pale! why droops she there alone  
Sad and forlorn! moaning as one in dread,  
Her clouded eyes fixed on the river-bed.

It is not always his misfortune to find—

A desperate lady by a purring brook:—  
he sees one whose hopes are high and beauty great, and takes a sitting of her in one of her most alluring moments: we must admit a bit of the picture:—

His mansion stood adjoining Belgrave Square,  
Ruled by his widowed sister—Lady Freeling;  
Her autumn cheeks defied the test of care,  
For scarce a wrinkle o'er her brows was stealing:—  
And she had one fair girl, famed for her hair,  
For whom she felt some slight maternal feeling;  
And had her tutored in the paths of grace,  
For virtue lends a lustre to the face.

And Circe was she called—a wayward child,  
That sought lone haunts, to list the seamen's call:  
She read a language in the forest wild,  
And heard sweet music in the waterfall;  
And prized rude scenes, where savage nature smiled,  
Rock-pit in solitude: the epicurean hail  
Of modern luxury she heeded not:  
The main, the mountain, and the shell strewn grove,  
Took captive her young heart: she loitered hours,  
Seeking companion-ship with voiceless things;  
And loved to sketch the wilder sort of flowers—  
To braid her hair with the blue heron's wings—  
Or watch the sun-god, in his golden bowers,  
Fade like a gorgeous spirit, when he flings  
A cloud around him, as he sinks to rest,  
Favoured in the chambers of the west.  
Broad lands had Circe, bounding Tenby-bay,  
And rich domains—her uncle's free donation;  
A gothic ruin, with stern turrets gray,  
And some good rooms for modern habitation;  
And there, with lyre and song, she wiled away  
Whole months,—and made an annual migration:  
Her passions were as boundless as the sea,  
And she herself—was like its billows, free.

Now it is the pleasure of the poet to make this young lady acquainted with the secret of the parentage of our friend with the number on his neck: she tells him, as he is rendering her some small service in the Park, that he is the son

of Lord Glengyle; and she afterwards sends him a note, commanding him to cast away his police livery, and ask for the situation of secretary to her uncle, Sir Joseph Orme: with all this he complies—is installed in this new vocation—and has many opportunities of seeing and admiring his young mistress. It is also his good fortune to render her some requital for her kindness: one sultry day, in a sea-coast excursion near her uncle's country seat, it is her pleasure to bathe:—

She came alone, at the fresh day-light hour,  
To the cool bathing-house; and cast aside  
Her shawl and mantle, as an opening flower  
Expands upon the sun its beauties wide:  
She looked a lily in her water-bower,  
As her bare breast was mirrored in the tide;  
Enriching the clear gulf with gleams of light,  
As the moon melts along the waste of night.

From her small feet the sandals she unbound,  
And drew from her straight limbs the silken hose,  
Unveiling the blue veins that, vine-like, wound  
Over her graphic instep, white as snows  
On Alpine tops: her hair dishevelled round  
Floated in downy folds: graceful she rose,  
An Aphrodite—unadorned as Truth—  
Beauty the only mantle of her youth.

She paused an instant on the fountain's verge,  
And with her foot the glassy surface stirred,  
Moving in lustre through the rippling surge;  
Then plunging, timid as a fawn or bird,  
Dipped her bright brow, and breathless did emerge,  
Quick starting at some rustling sound she heard:  
It might have been the breeze the casement shook,  
Or the far murmurs of the mountain brook.

While she is indulging in this summer luxury, the sky darkened, the thunder muttered, and a sudden storm came on—not much to the disquietude of the lady, it seems:—

Circé, half naked, watched the tempest scowl,  
Her spirit mingling with the element;  
The roar of the roused sea—the screaming fowl—  
The enormous mass, battling magnificent;  
And the pent whirlwind's wild terrific howl,  
When the electric fire the fragments rent,—  
Like choral music struck the mental strings  
That vibrated her rapt imaginings.

And flushed she sat, the Naiad of the place!  
With an immortal beauty in her mien;  
Her soaring mind was glowing in her face,  
For her tranced soul had with the tempest been—  
Had striven with the lightning in its race,  
A winged meteor. Had she mused unseen,  
It mattered not; but her dismantled form  
Had roused a spirit wilder than the storm.

The spirit which her loveliness had roused was captain of a band of smugglers; and the lady contributed by her voice, as well as by her looks, to his enchantment: she sung a song that proved too much for him:

#### *The Smuggler's Escape.*

The sky grew dark, the dim moon waned,  
The sea rose, with the blast;  
The canvas broad the cutter strained,  
Loud creaked the quivering mast,  
A flut-lock flashed along the gale,  
It roused the watch on shore:—  
The rovers furled their gleaming sail,  
And plied the muffled oar—

A rock beneath, stood the Rover-chief,  
Away from his ocean band;  
That signal shot soon brought relief,  
For the boat was ably manned,  
A beacon light blazed o'er the dark,  
From the cliffs the guard emerged;  
The Smuggler saw his own wild bark,  
Like a sea-bird on the surge.

Within the deathly carbine's reach,  
The long black boat lay to—  
Then bounding down the dusky beach  
Rushed the leader of the crew;  
He sprang—he almost touched the wave,  
When a foe man crossed the sand,  
The crew strained every nerve to save—  
They were struggling hand to hand.

The coast guard hurried on either side  
When blood from the heart was spilt;  
The Smuggler sprang knee-deep in the tide,  
With his sabre stained to the hilt;  
Shots poured around—slugs plashed the foam  
As the seaboard dashed afar;  
Three cheers for the reckless hearts that roam  
The deep by the midnight star.

The smuggler starts from his lurking place and seizes her: of course, she screams—her screams bring her attendant, who screams also: the united oratory of both brings the secretary, who happens, we know not how, to be most opportunely at hand; and as he had been taught how to handle such desperadoes during his service in the police, he goes roundly to work with the seaman: the struggle is well given:—

Locked in close grip, as serfs their prowess try,  
Straining and coiling, knee to knee they stood,  
Savagely wrestling for the mastery—  
Equal in strength—and seeming bent on blood;  
Dilated nostril and dark troubled eye,  
Fierce as the leopard circled by the flood;  
And red they waxed with wrath, and pent their breath  
Like foes who struggled in the strife of death.

Selwyn, though tall and sinewy, was more slim—  
Firm in his tread—athletic in his air;  
The Smuggler had more brawn and bulk of limb,  
Rough as an Afric lion in its lair,  
Roused by the hunter's spear; with aspect grim—  
Swarthy complexion, and black clotted hair—  
From his swain veins, tense nerves, and quivering knees,  
A sculptor might have modelled Hercules.

Fiercely they strove, and grappled hand to hand,  
Well matched in muscle, and in courage too;  
The ocean roamer made a desperate stand,  
And from his shaggy jacket, cursing drew  
A short spring dirk, for trading contraband  
The safest weapon; but his heels up flew  
Ere he could raise an arm for human slaughter,  
He slipped—and Selwyn reeled him in the water,—  
Then seized a table, and, with giant's might,  
Tore off the leg as he a twig would break,  
And his breath mustered to renew the fight;  
When the foiled Tarquin deemed it best to take  
Advantage of a mode that offered flight:  
He sprang the casement—down the cliff and brake,  
And pausing on the shingles, whistled shrill,  
To call his lurking comrades from the hill.

With these verses the canto concludes: another is promised soon; we hope it will have all the merits of the present with none of its defects. We have quoted such stanzas as seemed superior to their companions; and our readers will see that they are worthy of notice for their vigour and freedom. Had we desired to be severe, the poem overflows with passages such as a stern and fierce critic loves to pour out his bitterness upon. But we desire to be gentle with an undisciplined mind and an unregulated taste. We are glad that no name is to the work; because we are sure the author will, if he lives, write much better; and he could not be otherwise than ashamed of some of the verses of the 'Natural Son.'

#### *Irish Minstrelsy, or, Bardic Remains of Ireland, with Poetical Translations. Collected and edited by J. Hardiman, Esq., M.R.I.A. London: Robins.*

We have been, for some time, anxious to notice these very interesting and valuable volumes, which, though published in London some months past, are practically as much unknown as if they had appeared in Siberia; but the pressure of novelty confined us within limits too narrow to admit of bestowing on the 'Bardic Remains' the attention they merit, and we deemed delay a less evil than an inadequate notice. The native literature of Ireland is less known to the people of this country, and to a large portion of the Irish themselves, than the literature of the Magyars, the Frisians, or any other of the tribes honoured by the patronage of Dr. Bowring; in that country, nationality has been too often and too long regarded as criminal by the dominant party, and the songs of the bards studiously discouraged and proscribed. Irish

music has been more fortunate than Irish poetry; while the affecting melodies of the sister isle have been known and valued in every European country, the original words to which they were sung have "been buried in oblivion," and the few who spoke of them as valuable, treated with ridicule and contempt. The chief cause of this anomaly is, that the history of Irish minstrelsy is also the history of the Irish nation: in Ireland, as in all the Celtic nations, the bards formed a distinct class in the social economy, and possessed a definite rank in the state; music and poetry were cultivated, not as refined amusements, but as instruments of government, and hence both attained a high degree of perfection, long before any other arts of social life had arrived at maturity. When the Anglo-Normans came to colonize Ireland, they entered a country where all the habits and customs differed essentially from their own; and where the amalgamation of the settlers and natives was prevented by a concurrence of circumstances, whose effects are still visible. The bards, thus stripped of their influence, naturally directed all their efforts to re-establish the independence of Ireland; the duty of insurrection was the general subject of their strains, incitement to vengeance the constant theme of their song. On the other hand, the local government, aware that the minstrels were the chief leaders of "agitation," persecuted them without mercy; in all the treaties made between the Irish chieftains and the princes of the house of Tudor, it is expressly stipulated that no protection should be given to poets and rhymers.

The great civil war of 1641, a war in all its circumstances wholly unparalleled in the annals of mankind, was fatal to the race of Irish bards. In the preceding century it was a maxim generally acknowledged, that a civilized nation had a right to the lands of a people that had not attained an eminent rank in the arts of social life; that the absence of civilization was a fair pretext for withholding the rights of humanity. On this axiom the Spaniards acted in Peru, the Portuguese in India, and the English in Ireland; the test of civilized manners was accordance with those of the invaders, a test that had at all events the merit of being easily applied; and when swords and muskets were the instruments of argument, the comparison was of course settled in favour of those who possessed the strongest powder and the sharpest steel. But the war of 1641 brought a new and more fearful enemy to the "children of song": the army that Cromwell led to Ireland was composed of the wildest fanatics in the parliamentary ranks—men whom he was anxious to remove from England, knowing that they would be the most virulent opponents to his future usurpation! It is useless to tell how by the disunion of the royalists—the treachery of Ormond—the foolish jealousies of the lords of the Pale—and the notorious insincerity of the unhappy Charles, this handful of enthusiasts became victorious. Their character, as enemies of Irish literature, and indeed of literature of any kind, is the only matter with which we are concerned. Unexpected success changes the nature of enthusiasm; in its place there arises a stern spiritual pride, mingled with hypocrisy, far more formidable, because far more permanent, than the heat of violent fanaticism. The Cromwellian invaders had been compared by their preachers to the



children of Israel entering Canaan; success had in some degree perfected the parallel, and they believed it at once their political interest and their religious duty to model their conduct after the followers of Joshua. In the age of Cromwell, songs, ballads, and minstrelsy were punished as high offences, more especially when the strains were directed to rouse the spirit of the vanquished, or to pour malediction on the conqueror. It was when Irish music was thus proscribed, that it definitely assumed the generic character of plaintive melancholy by which it is eminently distinguished; the Cromwellians, in the emphatic words of an old writer, "broke the heart of Ireland," and the sounds uttered under their domination bear the impress of helpless, hopeless despair. Of this character is the following song composed on the departure of an illustrious exile to seek a home in a foreign land:—

*John O'Dwyer of the Glen.*

TRANSLATED BY THOMAS FURLONG.

Blythe the bright dawn found me,  
Rest with strength had crown'd me,  
Sweet the birdsung round me,  
Sport was all their toil.  
The horn its clang was keeping,  
Forth the fox was creeping,  
Round each dame stood weeping,  
O'er that prowler's spoil.  
Hark, the foe is calling,  
Fast the woods are falling,  
Scenes and sights appalling,  
Mark the wasted soil.  
War and confiscation  
Curse the fallen nation;  
Gloom and desolation  
Shade the lost land o'er.  
Chill the winds are blowing,  
Death aloft is going;  
Peace or hope seems growing  
For our race no more.  
Hark, the foe is calling,  
Fast the woods are falling,  
Scenes and sights appalling  
Through our blood-stained shore.  
Where 's my goat to cheer me,  
Now it plays not near me;  
Friends no more can hear me;  
Strangers round me stand.  
Nobles once high-hearted,  
From their homes have parted,  
Scatter'd, scared, and started  
By a base-born band.  
Hark, the foe is calling,  
Fast the woods are falling;  
Scenes and sights appalling  
Thicken round the land.  
Oh! that death had found me,  
And in darkness bound me,  
Ere each object round me  
Grew so sweet, so dear.  
Spots that once were cheering,  
Girls beloved, endearing,  
Friends from whom I'm steering  
Take this parting tear.  
Hark, the foe is calling,  
Fast the woods are falling;  
Scenes and sights appalling  
Plague and haunt me here.

"The restoration of Charles II. revived the hopes of the Irish nation, but its result was only to aggravate their despair. The estates that had been forfeited for loyalty to his father, were by him confirmed in the possession of his father's murderers; those who had lost their all in supporting the cause of the Stuarts, were doomed to experience the worst ingratitude of that ungrateful race, and to behold the monarch for whom they had suffered so severely, bribing his enemies with their fortunes. The massacre, as it was called, in the north of Ireland, was made the pretext for this wholesale iniquity. It is now known, that the story of the massacre was at least an exaggeration; but even had it been true to the last letter, it could not afford any excuse for the Act of Settlement, because the

massacre is said to have taken place in Ulster, while the forfeited estates were nearly all in the three other provinces. This leads us to the most curious part of Mr. Hardiman's volumes, "the Jacobite Relics" of Ireland. It must appear strange, that a nation which had suffered more from the Stuarts than from all the other invaders and tyrants put together, should have been the steadiest supporter of James II.; the first to take up arms in his cause, and the last to lay them down. But the difficulty is explained, when we find in the bardic songs the success of James identified with the last hopes of the Irish people; the English Jacobites conspired to support the principal of legitimacy, the Scotch supported a prince descended from their country through natural and laudable pride; the Irish alone fought for national existence, and with them it was a contest for life or death. Hence, we find in the Irish Jacobite Relics, a fervid energy, an earnestness and power, unlike the simple spirit of war-songs. Reproach alternates with exhortation, the cry for vengeance is more frequent than the hope of victory; the sovereign is less regarded than the nation. On this account, the Jacobite Relics are unfortunately applicable in every period of national dissatisfaction, and stimulants to agitation in every moment of real or supposed injustice. With the surrender of Limerick, the national existence of the Irish may be said to have terminated; thenceforward, it was treated as a colony, a word of bitter meaning in the history of England. The descendants of the bards no longer loved to recall the days of former glory, they degenerated into song-writers, and, like all men who have nothing left to hope, reckless jollity and sensual enjoyment were the themes on which they loved to dwell. But sorrow still mingled in the cup: in the midst of the wildest Bacchanalian airs, a few plaintive notes suddenly strike the ear, and seem to say this is the mirth of madness, the very merriment of despair. The reckless glee of a man who has nothing to lose, and whose brief moments of comparative happiness are only to be obtained in the oblivion of intoxication, is vividly portrayed in the following "*chanson à boire*"; and, notwithstanding its extravagance of mirth, there are dashes of plaintiveness in the original wild air that strike sorrowfully on the soul:—

*Why, Liquor of Life.*

TRANSLATED BY JOHN D'ALTON, ESQ.

*The Bard addresses Whiskey.*

Why, liquor of life! do I love you so,  
When in all our encounters you lay me low?  
More stupid and senseless I every day grow,  
What a hint—if I'd mend by the warning!  
Tattered and torn you've left my coat,  
I've not a cravat—to save my throat,  
Yet I pardon you all, my sparkling dost!  
If you'll cheer me again in the morning.

*Whiskey replies.*

When you've heard prayers on Sunday next,  
With a sermon beside, or at least—the text,  
Come down to the alehouse—however you're vexed,  
And though thousands of curses assault you;  
You'll find tipping there—till morals mend,  
A cock shall be placed in the barrel's end,  
The jar shall be near you, and I'll be your friend,  
And give you a "*Kead mille fuitte*!"

*The Bard resumes his address.*

You're my soul, and my treasure, without and within,  
My sister and cousin, and all my kin;  
'Tis unlucky to wed such a prodigal sin,—  
But all other enjoyment is vain, love!  
My barley-ricks all turn to you,—  
My tillage—my plough—and my horses too,—  
My cows and my sheep they have—bid me adieu,  
I care not while you remain, love!

+ One hundred thousand welcomes.

Come, vein of my heart! then come in haste,  
You're like Ambrosia, my liquor and feast;  
My forefathers all had the very same taste—  
For the genuine dew of the mountain.  
Oh, Usquebaugh!—I love its kiss!  
My guardian spirit I think it is,  
Had my christening bowl been filled with this,  
I'd have swallowed it—were it a fountain.

Many's the quarrel and fight we've had,  
And many a time you made me mad,  
But while I've a heart—it can never be sad,  
When you smile at me full on the table:  
Surely you are my wife and brother—  
My only child—my father and mother—  
My outside coat—I have no other!  
Oh! I'll stand by you—while I am able.

If family pride can aught avail,  
I've the sprightliest kin of all the Gael—  
Brandy and Usquebaugh, and ale!  
But claret untasted may pass us.  
To clash with the clergy were sore amiss,  
So for righteousness sake I leave them this,  
For claret the gowman's comfort is,  
When they've saved us with matins and masses.

The early part of the eighteenth century is a blank in the history of Ireland; but it was not unproductive of men whose fame is unfortunately far below their merits. Of this number, was Carolan, the last of the genuine minstrels, that is, of those who were at once composers of music and poetry. His musical powers have been long known, and duly appreciated in every part of the civilized world; but of his poetry, few have heard, and of these few, the majority have been contented with the report. But though his strains were all but *improvised*, the following, even through the medium of a very imperfect translation, evinces no ordinary powers:—

*Carolan's Monody on the Death of his Wife Mary Mac Guire.*

BY THOMAS FURLONG.

Were heaven to yield me in this chosen hour  
As an high gift ordain'd thro' life to last,  
All that our earth hath mark'd of mental power,  
The concentrated genius of the past;  
Were all the spells of Erin's minstrel mine,  
Mine the long-treasur'd stores of Greece and Rome—  
All, all with willing smile I would resign,  
Might I but gain my Mary from the tomb.  
My soul is sad—I bend beneath my woe,  
Darkly each weary evening wears away;  
Thro' the long night my tears in silence flow,  
Nor hope, nor comfort cheers the coming day.  
Wealth might not tempt—nor beauty move me now,  
Tho' one so favour'd sought my bride to be—  
Witness, high heaven!—bear witness to my vow—  
My Mary! death shall find me true to thee.  
How happy once! how joyous have I been,  
When merry friends sat smiling at my side;  
Now near my end—dark seems each festive scene—  
With thee, my Mary, all their beauty died.  
My wit hath past—my sprightly voice is gone,  
My heart sinks deep in loneliness and gloom,  
Life hath no aftercharms to lead me on—  
They wither with my Mary—in the tomb.

The translations in these volumes have been furnished by different friends of the editor: those contributed by the late Mr. Furlong, Mr. H. G. Curran, and Mr. D'Alton, are equally remarkable for their spirit and fidelity, and will give the merely English reader some specimen of the neglected treasure contained in the native literature of the "emerald isle."

The illustrative notes of the editor explain many interesting periods of Irish history; they were, however, written before the concession of emancipation in 1829, and therefore contain many allusions no longer applicable. Mr. Hardiman belongs to a class little known in England: he is an Irish gentleman of the old school; one who seeks justice for his country through the medium of good government, and eagerly labours to conciliate rival parties and hostile creeds, by showing that both have many claims to virtue, and that there have been times when

neither was free from guilt. The anecdotes that he has recorded of the Irish in the last century, throw a new and valuable light on the condition of Ireland during that period, and explain much that seems to Englishmen inexplicable in the situation of the country at the present day. We may perhaps at another opportunity glean some interesting *morceaux* from these abundant stores: for the present we content ourselves with naming the memoir of Carolan, as one of the most interesting biographies we have ever read, and quoting the following characteristic anecdote of Irish pride:—

"Daniel Byrne, well known in Dublin, in the seventeenth century, by the name of 'Daniel the tailor,' was the son of a forfeited gentleman, who resided at Ballintlea, near Red Cross, co. Wicklow. Daniel was bred to the clothier's trade; and, having contracted for clothing the Irish parliamentary forces, under Cromwell, he made a considerable fortune. His son, Gregory, (whose descendants took the name of Leicester,) was created an English baronet in 1660. Soon after, as both were walking in Dublin, Sir Gregory said, 'Father, you ought to walk to the left of me, I being a knight, and you but a private individual.' Daniel answered, 'No, you puppy, I have the precedence in three ways: first, I am your senior; secondly, I am your father; and thirdly, I am the son of a gentleman, and you are but the son of a poor lousy tailor.' Of Daniel's wit, the following, among other instances, is related: William Dawson, of Portarlington, ancestor of one of our present noble families, one morning pressing him to a dram as they were going to hunt, said, 'Take it off, Daniel, it is but a thimble full.' 'Yes, Willy,' said the other, 'I would take it, if it were a hopper full:' thus reminding the Squire of his own old occupation, which was that of a miller."

*A Ramble of Six Thousand Miles through the United States of America.* By S. A. Ferrall, Esq. London: Wilson.

Much has been lately written on America, and yet we always read a new volume with satisfaction, especially if the traveller has good sense enough not to weary us with repetitions and statistical notices of New York, Philadelphia, and the other sea-board towns. Now, Mr. Ferrall's work has this merit. The writer pushes at once into the great western states, and we have a plain straight-forward account of such things as interested him. There is no high seasoning in his descriptions—no caricature resemblances—nothing is done or written for effect; yet, he has many natural home scenes described with truth and fidelity, that let us at once into the simplicity of farm life on the Ohio—the following may be taken as a specimen:—

"When a farmer wishes to have his corn husked, he rides round to his neighbours and informs them of his intention. An invitation of this kind was once given in my presence. The farmer entered the house, sat down and after the customary compliments were passed, in the usual laconic style, the following dialogue took place. 'I guess I'll husk my corn to-morrow afternoon.'—'You've a mighty heap this year.'—'Considerable of corn.' The host at length said, 'Well, I guess we'll be along'—and the matter was arranged. All these gatherings are under the denomination of 'frolics'—such as 'corn-husking frolic,' 'apple-cutting frolic,' 'quilting frolic,' &c.

"Being somewhat curious in respect to national amusements, I attended a 'corn-husking

frolic' in the neighbourhood of Cincinnati. The corn was heaped up into a sort of hillock close by the granary, on which the young 'Ohiohians' and 'buck-eyes'—the lasses of Ohio are called 'buck-eyes'—seated themselves in pairs; while the old wives and old farmers were posted around, doing little, but talking much. Now the laws of 'corn-husking frolics' ordain, that for each red ear that a youth finds, he is entitled to exact a kiss from his partner. There were two or three young Irishmen in the group, and I could observe the rogues kissing half-a-dozen times on the same red ears. Each of them laid a red ear close by him, and after every two or three he'd husk, up he'd hold the redoubtable red ear to the astonished eyes of the giggling lass who sat beside him, and most unrelentingly inflict the penalty. The 'gude wives' marvelled much at the unprecedented number of red ears which that lot of corn contained: by-and-bye, they thought it 'a kind of curious' that the Irishmen should find so many of them—at length, the cheat was discovered, amidst roars of laughter. The old farmers said the lads were 'wide awake,' and the 'buck-eyes' declared that there was no being up to the plaguy Irishmen 'no how,' for they were always sure to have everything their own way. But the mischief of it was, the young Americans took the hint, and the poor 'buck-eyes' got nothing like fair play for the remainder of that evening. All agreed that there was more laughing and more kissing done at that, than had been known at any corn-husking frolic since 'the Declaration.'"

Another scene is little less graphic, though somewhat less pleasant.

"One day while getting our horse fed at a tavern in Indiana, the following conversation took place between the persons there assembled. We were sitting at the door, surrounded by captains, lawyers, and squires, when one of the gentlemen demanded of another if there had not been a 'gouging scrape' at the 'Colonel's tavern' the evening before. He replied in the affirmative; and after having related the cause of quarrel, and said that the lie had been given, he continued, 'the judge knocked the major right over, and jumped on to him in double quick time—they had it rough and tumble for about ten minutes—Lord J—s Alm—y; as pretty a scrape as ever you see'd—the judge is a wonderfully lovely fellow.' Then followed a description of the divers punishments inflicted by the combatants on each other—the major had his eye nearly 'gouged' out, and the judge his chin almost bitten off. During the recital, the whole party was convulsed with laughter."

Many of our readers will, no doubt, recollect the excitement some years since, when Birkbeck having located in the prairies of the Illinois, gave notice of the *El Dorado* in sundry pamphlets. Birkbeck and Flowers were both men of property; they bought large tracks of land, and laid out much money in improvements. They are now both dead, and Mr. Ferrall informs us—

"Their property has entirely passed into other hands, and the members of their families who still remain in this country are in comparative indigence."

"The most inveterate hostility was manifested by the back-woods people towards those settlers, and the series of outrages and annoyances to which they were exposed, contributed not a little to shorten their days. It at length became notorious, that neither Birkbeck nor Flowers could obtain redress for any grievance whatever, unless by appealing to the superior courts,—as both the magistrates and jurors were exclusively of the class of the offenders; and the 'Supreme Court of the United States' declared, that the verdicts of the juries, and the decisions of the magistrates were, in many cases, so much

at variance with the evidence, that they were disgraceful to the country. A son of the latter gentleman, a lad about fourteen years old, was killed in open day whilst walking in his father's garden, by a blow of an axe handle, which was flung at him across the fence. The evidence was clear against the murderer, and yet he was acquitted. Whilst I was at Vandavia, I saw in a list of lands for sale, amongst other lots to be sold for taxes, one of Mr. Flowers'. The fate of these gentlemen and their families should be a sufficient warning to persons of their class in England, not to attempt settling in the backwoods; or if they have that idea, to leave aside altogether refined notions, and never to bring with them either the feelings or the habits of a gentleman farmer. The whole secret and cause of this *guerre à mort*, declared by the backwoodsmen against Messrs. Birkbeck and Flowers, was, that when they first settled upon the prairies, they attempted to act the *patron* and *benefactor*, and considered themselves entitled to some respect. Now, a west-country American would rather die like a cock on a dunghill, than be patronized after the English fashion."

Our readers will probably recollect a clever paper some time since in the *Athenæum*,† called the Last of the Boatmen; the following may pass as an interesting and explanatory comment:—

"The usual time occupied in a voyage from Orleans to Louisville is from ten to twelve days, and boats have performed it in the surprisingly short space of eight days. The spur that commerce has received from the introduction of steam-boats on the western waters, can only be appreciated by comparing the former means of communication with the present. Previous to 1812, the navigation of the Upper Ohio was carried on by means of about 150 small barges, averaging between thirty and forty tons burden, and the time consumed in ascending from the Falls to Pittsburg was a full month. On the Lower Ohio and the Mississippi there were about twenty barges, which averaged 100 tons burden, and more than three months was occupied in ascending from Orleans to Louisville with West India produce, the crew being obliged to pull or *cordelle* the whole distance. Seldom more than one voyage to Orleans and back was made within the year. In 1817, a steam-boat arrived at Louisville from New Orleans in twenty-five days, and a public dinner and other rejoicings celebrated the event. From that period until 1827, the time consumed in this voyage gradually diminished, and in that year a boat from New Orleans entered the port of Louisville in eight days and two hours. There are at present on the waters of the Ohio and Mississippi, 323 boats, the aggregate burden of which is 56,000 tons, the greater proportion measuring from 250 to 500 tons."

An excellent idea of the real nature of backwood travelling, may be collected from this work; and the description of New Orleans is more full and satisfactory than any we remember to have read. On the whole, we recommend it to our readers, as a plain, sensible, and serviceable volume.

*The Biblical Cabinet Atlas.* Engraved by Thomas Starling. London: Bull.

'THE Cabinet Atlas; or, Geographical Annual,' was, we believe, one of the most successful publications of the last season, and certainly, whatever may have been its merits, this 'Biblical Atlas' is in no way its inferior. It is not often that we have seen so very beautiful a volume: the maps are executed with the greatest care;

† No. 241, 'Lights and Shadows of American Life:' edited by Miss Mitford.

and the general index which accompanies them, is an addition of the highest value: we have in one line, but under distinct heads, the scripture name—the classic name—the tribe or province—the country—reference to where mentioned in Scripture, and where to be found in the map—the modern name—the modern locality—the distance and bearing from Jerusalem—the latitude and longitude—with historical remarks. We know not the work we could more conscientiously recommend as a valuable and beautiful present for young people. It ought, indeed, to be announced as the Geographical Annual for 1832, and it need not fear competition.

*Translation of several principal Books, Passages, and Texts of the Veda, &c.* By Rajah Rammobun Roy. 2nd edit. London: Parbury, Allen, & Co.

THE works here collected will have great interest with all who are desirous to obtain information on the subjects treated of; but, however valuable, they cannot, of course, be generally popular. Even the discussions on Concremation and Postcremation, or, the practice of burning widows alive, is too learned to interest the mere English reader.

#### LIBRARY OF ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE. *British Museum. Vol. I.*

THIS is a compilation from common works on the history and antiquities of ancient Egypt. It contains little new information, and the old acquires no additional value from the taste or skill of the compiler. A few more such specimens of the art of book-making would ruin a series even of greater merit than the 'Library of Entertaining Knowledge.'

ILLUSTRATIONS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.—  
No. VII. *A Manchester Strike.* By Harriet Martineau. London: Fox.

WE were among the first to commend this very clever and useful series. Miss Martineau has since received the good word of all critics, and therefore ours will be the less serviceable—but this 'Manchester Strike' is among the best tales she has yet published.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

It is, we have heard, a pleasant thing to write a book; pleasant to see it in all the beauty of new type and fine paper; pleasant to see it in the hands of friends, in whose judgment men put confidence; pleasant to see it commended by toothy critics by the score; pleasant to see it glide through edition after edition, and pleasant when the bookseller puts on a gladsome face at the author's approach, and asks for another work in the same spirit as the last. Such are the pleasures of authors, but alas, critics experience none of those joys; on our library table lie some dozen volumes or so, all of which we have to read, examine, and weigh, before we can apportion to each their due share of praise or blame. Now to read sometimes six hundred pages for the sake of writing six lines, is a misery unknown to the rest of mankind: but this is not all: those authors whom we commend in this brief way, think we might have indulged them with more extended praise, while those whom we condemn, are irritated at our brief mode of dismissal, and wish to have been shown up more at length. The woes therefore of a critic, are many and peculiar; and what is worse, they are looked on as a sort of tooth-ache, the worst pangs of which in the mind of all but the sufferer, are only worthy of laughter. So much for our task—let us now endeavour to perform it.

*'Companion and Key to the History of England,'* by George Fisher.—Under a title-page as long as an ordinary pamphlet, and a dedication in which all the virtues under heaven are show-

ered upon our gracious sovereign, this volume has much useful information for all who are desirous of knowing the history of their country. The author, indeed, goes a little farther back with his line of kings than we care about; yet it is gratifying to know that we are ruled by the descendants of Brute the Trojan. There have reigned over us—such is the pleasure of Providence—Trojans, Romans, Saxons, Danes, Normans, Dutch, and Germans. The History of Scotland, says our author, from Fergus the First to Fergus the Second, is all pure fable. Alas, that he should say so! Now we look upon it to be as good history as that of the Brute dynasty of England—and no better, and so let them both pass. The author is anxious, as becomes a historian, concerning the birth of the Pretender; we think with him, that it would have been prudent of the Queen to have given birth to the Prince before the Dutch Ambassador, or waited till the return of her sister Anne from Bath, and so eluded all doubts and surmises; but the inconsiderate woman did no such thing, and so "occasioned the factions of the eighteenth century." We never saw so reasonable a cause assigned for the two rebellions before. These eight hundred large and close-printed pages make somewhat of a cumbrous key to our history; yet they show on most occasions an anxious search after truth, and on all occasions such love of the subject as we never expected to encounter.

*'The Minstrelsy of the Woods; or, Sketches and Songs connected with the Natural History of the most interesting British and Foreign Birds.'*—The idea of this little work is a happy one; nor is the execution at all unworthy of the conception; it is full of clever descriptions and very pleasing verses; the introductory lines explain the aim of the volume:—

Young wanderers by the mountain streams,  
Whose days are all like sunny dreams,  
To you, from woodlands far away,  
I come, with legend and with lay:  
Songs of many a tuneful bird,  
Amid your own green valleys heard;  
Warblers whose strains are full of glee,  
Blythe as your own blythe songs can be;  
And tale, and sketch, and song I bring,  
Of birds who wave the glossy wing,  
And sing their tiny broods to rest,  
In the deep forests of the west.

As a specimen of the prose descriptions, we cannot do better than extract that of our especial favourite the Goldfinch; it shows an intimate acquaintance with the nature and habits of the bird:—

"This is one of the most elegant of our English birds; graceful in form, and arrayed in much more brilliant colours than the birds of this climate usually exhibit. It has also a sweet and cheerful song, which is heard from the earliest days of spring; but it is in the month of May that it gives us its sweetest and fullest strains: perched on a tree it will pour forth its notes from early morn to set of sun, and make the orchard resound with its music. It continues to sing till the month of August, except during the period at which it is rearing its young; then all its time and attention are devoted to parental duties. The male bird, though very attentive to his pretty mate, does not assist her in building the nest; but he is constantly watching over her, either close by her side, or perched on the nearest tree; and this he does, both when she is seeking her food, and while engaged in preparing the abode for her future progeny. The nest is composed of roots, fine moss, the down of plants, and lichens, and it is lined with horse-hair, wool, and downy feathers. Here the hen bird deposits five or six white eggs, spotted with brown towards the thick end. While she is hatching, her companion never leaves her except to procure food; but sits on a neighbouring tree and cheers her with his song. If disturbed, he flies away; but it is only

as a feint to prevent the nest from being discovered, and he soon returns. On her part, she devotes herself with the utmost patience and constancy to her maternal cares. As the time approaches when the young ones will make their appearance, she is evidently increasingly interested in their preservation, and will brave everything to defend them from injury: the stormiest gales of wind, the drenching rain, or the pelting hail-storm, do not drive her from her nest; there she remains, and her faithful mate continues in attendance on her. At last, the little birds pierce the shell, and faint cries proclaim their wants to their parents: then there is full employment to procure food sufficient to supply five or six craving little creatures. The tender seeds of groundsel, lettuce, and other plants, are its favourite food; but especially the thistle-seed; from its fondness for this plant, it is sometimes called thistlefinch in England, and *chardonneret* in France."

This is one of the neatest and most interesting little books which has come lately from Messrs. Harvey & Darton.

*'Alfred; or, the Wayward Son, a Domestic Poem in Eight Cantos,'* by Thomas Hirst.—This volume contains a very interesting story, told with much modesty and simplicity, but with less animation and fire than what is necessary to render it popular. As bold words and timid ideas distinguish too much of our poetry of the present day, it is at least something to find a plain story told in a homely way;—that we have not misrepresented the author of *Alfred*, the following passage will show:—

The merchant listens to the latest news  
Of the price current, discount, stocks, exchange;  
Sees the Gazette, his ledger then reviews;  
That's what he thought of; this seems rather strange;  
But chances rise, and, with a merchant's spirit,  
Ventures his skill, his money, and his credit.  
A thousand currents pour their varied store,  
Moved by the impulse of his ready pen,  
To freight his vessel for the distant shore.  
'Twixt hope and fear contending, he again  
Shores off his treasure, with the baidy hand,  
While winds and waves assume the chief command.

The husbandman beneath domestic charm  
Surveys his cattle and the rising blade;  
The mighty world seems fenced within his farm;  
For there his hopes and all his fears are laid.  
'Tis his amid the season's varied toil,  
To reap the bounty of his cultured soil.

The warrior hastens at the trumpet's blast;  
Courage sits sternly on his ample brow;  
Quick flows his blood, his pulses beat more fast;  
He hastes to conquest with a patriot's vow;  
With nervous arm, and hope inspiring breath,  
He goes for victory in the face of death.

The sportsman mounted on his favourite steed,  
Bounds o'er the forest, field, or sounding wood;  
And hound, and horse, and man, with tireless speed,  
Chases the scent of honour and of blood.  
All have their objects, fraught with loss or gain—  
A cherish'd course that brings its joy or pain.

So had the father of the wayward son;  
Whose history demands this supplement:  
Which must in justice start where his had done.  
When to his journey all his strength he lent,  
What were the object, purpose, feeling, thought,  
With which the vision of his mind was fraught?

We must confess, however, that, save the division of the subject into cantos, the cantos into stanzas, and the whole into that kind of composition, straight on the left of the page, and ragged towards the right, this story has little or no claim to the honours of poesy.

*'The Blue Bag; or, Torgana,'* by the Speaker of the House of Commons.—This is a sort of political squib put forth by a Reformer against the Tories; we are not sure that the bitterness of its wit will spread much confusion in these stirring times among the enemy, nor do we think that the parties lampooned will be deeply affected by its invective. In truth, public men have been so much satirized of late, with tongue, pen, and pencil, that they are become blunt and insensible to aught but the very purest wit, and the very loftiest sort of satire. Of the little pieces



in this squib, we like Lord Tenterden's Dream best :—

Lord Tenterden, wisest of lawyers and men,  
Must be in his court as the clock strikes ten;  
His eye-brows and wig were in brimstone smoke,  
As he thought a debate of twelve hours no joke;  
And he wriggled like Wetherell twitching his breech,  
As Salisbury rose to make his dull speech;  
Up rose Carnarvon, his face showed pain,  
But the Cholera touched him when up rose Vane;  
Brother Wyndford rose next—a horrible bore—  
Tenterden dozed, and began to snore;  
And dreamt what lawyer ne'er dreamt before—  
Gramercie, gramercie, to me it does seem,  
Lord Tenterden's wig is the nost of his dream.

'The Faith as unfolded by many Prophets; an Essay, by Harriet Martineau.'—This little work is issued by the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, and addressed to the disciples of Mahomet. We have heard of jig tunes being whistled to milestones, but we never heard that the stones danced; this fulmination against the Mahometans will, we have no doubt, if heard at all, be heard with apathy by that wise people, who refuse to have their faith questioned; it will, therefore, be as much thrown away as the music aforesaid. Perhaps, however, Harriet Martineau looks towards Turkey as she speaks, but expects her eloquence to tell on people nearer home.

'The Grecian, conducted by Archdeacon Adamson, Esq., now of Christ's Hospital, No. IV., for July.'—The editor and contributors of this work are bold lads; they deal with nothing but the loftiest and most perilous themes. Here we have 'Ambition,' 'Thy will be done,' 'Death and Sleep,' 'David and Goliath,' and 'Attila.' We like the 'Stanzas to Twilight' best, and would quote some of them if we had room.

'The Elements of Mechanics, by J. R. Young,' is a very excellent introduction to the mathematical analysis of statics and dynamics, written by a person not only perfectly master of his subject, but thoroughly skilled in the art of teaching. The great difficulty that the students of analytic mechanics have had to encounter, is the want of a work that would explain the meaning and extent of analytical expressions, as well as the theories they embody, most writers having given their readers credit, not only for a thorough knowledge of the calculus, but also for a perfect acquaintance with all its refinements.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

##### A MIDDLE-AGED LADY'S REPLY TO AN OFFER.

Unfeignedly surprised and grateful,

And much your friend, and now your debtor,  
And thinking that suspense is hateful,  
I answer with all speed your letter;

But, Sir, I never gave you reason  
To draw the inference you have done;  
I've flirted with you but a season,  
And corresponded scarcely one.

'Tis true, I took a lock of hair,  
(Which came, no doubt, from Delcroix's college.)

Also a ring—but not to wear—  
And gave you 'Mason on Self Knowledge';  
And now upon these grounds you claim  
My hand, and heart, and that for ever:  
You tell me "Friendship's but a name"  
For Love—grown middle-aged and clever.

You say, 'tis foolish work for those  
Who're past an age that's girl-and-boyish,  
Not to bring matters to a close;

That flirting thus is really toying;—  
And then, Sir, with your three per cents,  
You perfume and fold up your letter,  
With just a hint, that all my rents  
Your stewardship would get in better.

I will be frank with you: I've seen  
The time, Sir Abel Giles Hephæstion,

When my reply had different been,

Although the same had been your question.  
If we had met when both were young,  
And both in Nature's wealth delighted,  
Ere one had to the heart been wrung,  
And one by Mammon's influence blighted:—

Then had we met, we might have made  
A most Arcadian pair of lovers;  
Have flattered in the greenwood shade,  
And found employment for the gloves:  
We might have sat beneath a tree,  
A very human pair of turtles;  
Have poetized with "thine" and "thee,"  
And had a bride-cake wreathed with myrtles:

We might have sat beneath a tree,  
No matter whether beech or holly,  
Deeming it wretched to be free,  
And thinking wisdom only folly:  
Then, had you looked into my eyes,  
And whispered to me, "angel—dearest!"—  
I might have answered you with sighs,  
And thought you of your sex sincerest.

But thirty-nine and fifty-one  
Can never by romance be cheated;  
Imagination's wings are gone,  
And Prudence in the soul is seated;  
Yes, you have learned to cast accounts—  
You know the price of ladies' bonnets;  
And I, too, understand amounts  
Too well—to trust a lover's sonnets.

You dread the gout and want a nurse,  
And calculate on who'd be pleasant,  
I, on my liberty and purse,  
From which I won't divorce at present.  
So fare you well, we'll still be friends,—  
(I really thank you for your letter,)—  
But when the heart's believing ends,  
For woman—singleness is better.

I add a postscript, just to say,  
If 'tis unkind all hope to shatter—  
Call in when next you ride this way,  
And then we'll re-discuss the matter.

#### CANALS AND RAILWAYS.

WERE the wise man who said there is nothing new under the sun, living in these days, he would, we think, change his opinion. All is new, or, at least, little is old. We would ask him, did he ever ascend the third heaven in a balloon? did he ever sail against a stiff breeze and a strong current, in one of those maritime chimeras called steam-boats? and, above all, did he ever move over the vales of Judea, or on the plains of Assyria, in one of the royal chariots, with the rapidity of a London bagman on the Liverpool railway? We answer for him, "Never." And yet these miraculous matters to which we allude, seem but in their infancy. Gordon, an ingenious engineer, lately revealed to us, in his little clever book, some of the chief mysteries of motion: this put us on considering and inquiring; we set about comparing the past with the present, and the result was, that we held up our hands in wonder at the marvels which, even in our brief space of existence, have been wrought. Motion with us has been gradually increasing in velocity from the crawl of the snail to the flight of the hawk. Time was, when our most expeditious public travelling carriage was the stage-waggon—the same in which Random had the adventure with Captain Weasel—lumbering along with twelve horses, at the rate of three miles an hour; wearying of that, we tried our own proper feet, which, with some exertion, carried us over sixty measured miles in a summer's day; tiring—as who would not?—of such an uneasy mode of migration, we tried what water and wind could do for us, and though once borne from London to Edinburgh, when the skies smiled, in forty-eight hours, we were

twice detained some ten or eleven days in the performance of the same voyage; the mail coach moving over macadamized roads promised a more speedy mode of conveyance, and we were wafted through the air to the distance of 340 miles, in 36 hours some odd minutes. We sat down assured, in our own mind, that the force of nature and art could go no further, when lo! we were astounded by an announcement, that on the miraculous railway of Manchester, men travelled at the rate of twenty miles an hour. On this coming to pass, we sat down resolved to wonder at nothing; and it is well we did, for travelling on ground, under ground, in the air, and on the water, is fairly getting the better of this age's unbelief in the marvellous; nothing that imagination ever desired human credulity to swallow, comes up to what is now done or doing. The works of the inventive Watt, the ingenious Rennie, the poetical and practical Telford, laid the foundation for all these mechanical wonders.

We have been led into this train of thinking by two little sheet-sized papers (by Mr. Thomas Grahame, we believe) on Canal Navigation, and on Railways; we are admirers of science, if we are not skilful in its singular powers, and we take pleasure in giving all the publicity we can to ingenious speculations, or to new discoveries, or to valuable facts. Of the latter kind is the following passage, containing observations made at Glasgow, in July 1832; we give the statement without comment—the writer is speaking of the various velocities of boats in water:—

"My meaning will be best explained by a reference to facts verified by the Paisley Canal Passage Boats, when moving along that canal. When started at low velocity, these boats move apparently through the smooth surface of the canal, meeting with no resistance other than that of a very small part of the fluid which they intersect. If, in addition to this resistance, they are burdened with the obstruction of a small body of water carried on before, it is not perceptible. Let the speed be increased, and a body of water rises in front of the boat, preceding it at various distances, dependent on the velocity of the boat, and increasing by degrees, till it rises to eighteen inches, and two feet flowing over the banks of the canal, and occasioning such a resistance, that the horses dragging the boat, would, if it was allowed to continue, be unable to proceed for any length. If, however, the speed is farther increased, the boat advances to, and passes the wave, which subsides behind, and the water in the canal becomes again perfectly still. The horses become then fully able for their work, and the boat appears to meet little resistance other than that occasioned by cutting or passing through the water. Whether in this last case the vessel still continues to carry a body of water in front, is uncertain, but if such be the case, it is imperceptible; and the higher the velocity, it would appear, from the increasing quiescence of the water, the more is the resistance to the moving body reduced to the mere resistance offered to the cutting of the water. So sensible are the masters of the Paisley Canal Passage Boats of the destructive effect of this wave before the boat, and in obstructing its motion and overcoming the power of the horses, that when, by the carelessness of the drivers, a wave is allowed to rise, the boats are stopped and again started, as it is found to be much easier to bring the boat up to the high from the low speed, without raising the wave, than to force the boat over the wave when once it has been raised. In like manner, when the boat is moving at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour through the canal, if the horses are suddenly stopped, the wave appears as the speed decreases, and washes over the banks until the onward motion of the boat falls to the low velocities first mentioned.

"Now, two very opposite conclusions might

be drawn by persons observing these facts. One person beginning with the high velocity, and observing the increase of labour to the horses on decreasing that velocity, might be apt to imagine, that not only the resistance increased with the diminished speed, but that at the diminished speed, a wave, destructive to the canal banks, was raised. Another party again observing the increased resistance and wave consequent on increasing the speed of the boat beyond the low velocity, might at once lay down opposite rules and conclusions.

"Until some mode of measuring the effect of this wave in increasing the resistance is ascertained, it would appear to be difficult to say what is the real increase of resistance in passing along the surface of a piece of water. The fact is undoubted, that two horses on the Paisley Canal boats, drag with ease a passage-boat, with her complement of seventy-five or ninety passengers, at the rate of ten miles an hour, along the canal, while it would kill them, or even double the number of horses, if they attempted to drag that boat along the canal at the rate of six miles an hour. It would be much easier to draw the boat along the canal at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, than at the lower velocity of six miles. The facts now stated, though more decidedly exhibited in the Paisley Canal, from its narrowness, have been proved and exhibited on various other canals, and must, though in different degrees, affect motion along all bodies of water."

The other paper discusses the subject of land conveyance, and the hopes held out by the projectors of the London and Birmingham railway, that all the coaching and carrying and boating trade, would come into their hands, and prove a source of great profit to themselves, and convenience to the public.

"How far this last calculation may prove correct, seems to be extremely doubtful, for the canal conveyance to London is already far cheaper than that on railways, and the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Company, in their competition with the water carriage, have obtained but a very trifling proportion of traffic from the canals. The profits (if any have actually been made by the carriage of goods on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway,) are extremely small; yet the water distance between Manchester and Liverpool, is nearly double the railway distance; and instead of possessing the regularity of canal conveyance, is, for eighteen miles of this additional length, subject to the winds and tides of the Mersey. Nevertheless, of an amount of nearly fourteen hundred thousand tons annually, for the carriage of which the Directors of the Liverpool Railway were desirous to provide, before their railway was opened, little more than an eighteenth part, including the entire road traffic, has been as yet obtained for the railway; and the expenses of carrying this fraction of the trade, have been so enormous, as to make it doubtful whether the Railway Company do not suffer a regular loss on their carrying trade, which is defrayed from their profits as coachmasters.

"The question is one of great importance to the parties interested in the canals between London and Birmingham, as on the truth or falsity of the calculations of the promoters of the railway, must depend the continuance of a considerable portion of the revenue of the Canal Proprietors, and the very existence of the trade or occupation of the Canal Fly-boat carriers. Unless the London and Birmingham Railway Company obtain possession, not only of the whole revenue or tolls paid to the trustees on turnpike roads with a portion of the canal tolls, and the entire income and profit of the carriers and coachmasters on these roads and canals, no return whatever could be obtained from their outland capital.

"The Railway Company take it for granted

that the canals are unable to enter into competition with them for the turnpike road traffic; the coaching, posting, van and waggon trade on which, they expect to take from the road without dispute. They consider that the Canal Companies must stand merely on the defensive, until the Railway Company, having taken the road trade, begin the attack, and that then the Canal carriers and Company can only protect and preserve a part of their light goods trade, by a reduction of dues and charges, to compensate for the great rates of speed of the railway conveyance."

The writer proceeds to argue, that by constructing a canal of the same length as the proposed railway, the coaching trade of the latter could not stand for a single month in competition with the canal boats, in which passengers can travel with perfect safety at the rate of ten miles an hour, with a degree of ease and comfort which no other conveyance can give, and at a tenth of the cost. Here are his calculations, founded, he says, on experiments made on the Manchester railway and the Ardrossan canal.

"The ordinary speed for the conveyance of passengers on the Ardrossan canal, has for nearly two years been from nine to ten miles an hour, and although there are fourteen journeys along the canal per day, at this rapid speed, the banks of the canal have sustained no injury; indeed injury is impossible, as there is no surge. The boats are formed seventy feet in length, about five feet six inches broad, and, but for the extreme narrowness of the canal might be made broader, they carry easily from seventy to eighty passengers, and, when required, can, and have carried, upwards of 110 passengers. The entire cost of a boat and fittings up is about 125*l*. The hulls are formed of light iron plates and ribs, and the covering is of wood and light oiled cloth. They are more airy, light, and comfortable than any coach; they permit the passengers to move about from the outer to the inner cabin; and the fares per mile are one penny in the first, and three farthings in the second cabin. The passengers are all carried under cover, having the privilege also of an uncovered space. These boats are drawn by two horses, (the prices of which may be from 50*l*. to 60*l*. per pair,) in stages of four miles in length which are done in from twenty-two to twenty-five minutes, including stoppages to let out and take in passengers, each set of horses doing three or four stages alternately each day. In fact, the boats are drawn through this narrow and shallow canal, at a velocity which many celebrated engineers had demonstrated, and which the public believed to be impossible.

"The entire amount of the whole expenses of attendants and horses, and of running one of these boats four trips of twelve miles each, (the length of the canal,) or forty-eight miles daily, including interest on the capital, and twenty per cent. laid aside annually for replacement of the boats, or loss on the capital therein invested, and a considerable sum laid aside for accidents and replacement of the horses, is 700*l*. some odd shillings; or taking the number of working days to be 312 annually, something under 2*l*. 4*s*. 3*d*. per day, or about 11*d*. per mile. The actual cost of carrying from eighty to one hundred persons a distance of thirty miles, (the length of the Liverpool railway,) at a velocity of nearly ten miles an hour, on the Paisley canal, one of the most curved, narrow, and shallow canals in Britain, is therefore just 1*l*. 7*s*. 6*d*. sterling. Such are the facts, and incredible as they may appear, they are facts which no one who inquires can possibly doubt. \* \* \*

"The result of this experiment on the Liverpool railway has been somewhat different from that on the Ardrossan canal. On the railway, indeed, the expected velocities have been fully attained, and the calculations of the engineer,

in this respect, satisfactorily demonstrated as possible and correct; but unluckily one very important matter had not been admitted into the calculation, or rather had not been supposed to exist, viz., the probability, or rather certainty, of a great increase of expense, consequent on increased speed. The geometrical ratio of increased resistance on increasing the speed on canals, has been transferred to the increase of expense on increasing the speed on railways, with this addition, that the increase of expense affects not merely the moving power, or locomotive engine, but the coaches, waggons, and roadway. The ordinary speed of conveyance on the Liverpool railway, is from ten to twenty miles an hour, and depends much on the weather and the weight dragged. The railway engine, with its tender for carrying coke and water, costs about 1000*l*. and drags after it a train of eight coaches, the cost of each of which, if the same as in the estimate for the London and Birmingham railway, should be 200*l*., or a train of first-class coaches with accompanying engine and tender, costs 2600*l*. The coaches accommodate one hundred and twenty passengers. There are other coaches, and also uncovered waggons which travel at an inferior speed, and which will cost less. The fares are various: seven shillings, or nearly threepence per mile for each passenger, in the best coaches; and five shillings, or twopence per mile, for each passenger in the common coaches, of what is called the 'first train,'—being just double and triple the Paisley boat fares; and four shillings in the coaches, and three shillings and sixpence in the uncovered waggons of what is called the 'second train,' which move at a lower velocity. The lowest railway fare to the traveller, is therefore three halfpence per mile, in an open, uncovered waggon, moving at an inferior speed, exposed to wind and rain, and the steam and smoke of the engine—or double the fare on the Paisley canal, for being carried in a comfortable cabin under cover."

Having laid before our readers these observations of a man of science and experience, we shall encumber them with no remarks of our own. England has many splendid canals, and we confess we should be sorry to see a fine line—nay, a stream—of pure water exchanged for a road, with its carriages moving along, obscured in mud or in whirlwinds of dust.

#### MR. COULTHURST, THE AFRICAN TRAVELLER.

It is with feelings of deep regret that we have to announce the death of this young and enterprising traveller—another victim added to the long and melancholy catalogue of men of spirit and talent who have fallen a sacrifice to their enthusiasm on the subject of African discovery. Mr. Coulthurst had, it appears, made a fortnight's journey from the old Calabar river into the interior, when, for reasons unknown at present, he returned to that place, and embarked on board the *Agnes*, a Liverpool vessel bound for Fernando Po. It was during this voyage that this intelligent and amiable man breathed his last, on the 15th April. These are the principal facts which have yet reached this country, and they have been transmitted by Col. Nichols, Governor of Fernando Po, to the Admiralty. Letters had been received from Mr. Coulthurst of so late a date as the 22d March, full of hope, and with a cheering account of his health.

Mr. Coulthurst was, we believe, the son of—Coulthurst, Esq. of Sandyway, near Northwich, in Cheshire. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, where he took a very honourable degree, and was subsequently called to the bar. Some interesting particulars of the route of the intended expedition were published, on the best authority, in the *Athenæum* of the 11th February last, No. 224.



ELEGIAC LINES,  
IN THE MANNER OF WALLER.  
BY THOMAS ROSCOE.

Oh! why with tears  
Bedew the memory of the young,  
Whose gentle years  
Have known nor sorrow, care, nor wrong,  
But ere they weep on earth, to heaven belong?  
Life's fairest flowers  
Are aye "no sooner blown than blasted":  
A few brief hours  
Their fragrance breathes, and then is wasted:  
We may not ask why they no longer lasted.  
But the young bloom,  
Not of the earth, but spirit, glows  
Seasons to come,  
'Mid climes where tempest never blows,  
Nor blight can reach—an Eden of repose.  
Too early blest,  
Thither thou'rt gone. Why shed the tear?  
No more carest;  
Ah! still we miss thy dear voice here—  
Those gentle words and looks that did so sweet  
appear.

ON MODERN FEMALE CULTIVATION.—No. IV.  
(Concluding Paper.)\*

WOMEN and the working classes are, as regards cultivation, similarly circumstanced. Few now dispute their right to knowledge; but the best mode of presenting them with it, and the best mode of rendering the gift beneficial, remains yet an unsolved problem. The recognition of the principle, that it is the privilege of *all* to ask for knowledge, and the duty of *all* to "give to every one that asketh"; and that the only limit to the gaining and the diffusion of knowledge, is not that assigned by man—*circumstance*; but that marked out by Providence—*capacity*;—the recognition of this principle, and this duty, forms an era in moral history, analogous to those discoveries in science, which have subjected the elements to his sway. As yet, however, neither has advanced much beyond a state of infancy; and to mature either into perfection, is probably reserved for the men and years of another generation. The subject of this paper is *Female Cultivation*; and to that therefore we restrict ourselves. The great misfortune, then, that lies in the path of highly-cultivated women, is the absence of active occupation for their mental energy, which, when combined with ambition, as it too generally is, lays waste and consumes them. Men have professions and offices; to them belong, of right and courtesy, all the activities and authorities of life. Authorship is the only accredited vent for a woman's intellect; and this, by obviating one evil, induces many others. The fever of unoccupied energy is quenched; but, by and bye, the worse fever of sensitive ambition, or ungratified longing after sympathy, arises, and her position in society becomes yet more false. Where must the cure be sought? In an inconceivably higher education of what may be called the sense of responsibility. Wherever genius indisputably exists in a girl, there let parents and instructors frankly acknowledge its existence; and on that admission ground a simple but serious inculcation of these doctrines:—that to possess intellect is, in the first instance, an accident, not a merit; that it is by no means a novelty; that, like rank and wealth, it involves the most serious cares and duties; and that even

superior knowledge is worthless without active virtue. Parents and instructors must learn to regard as nothing short of *sin* all efforts to stimulate a girl's mind, for the gratification either of their vanity or hers. It is treating genius as the Jews did their false Messiahs, going out after it, with an adulating cry of "Lo here, and lo there!" It is making mind subservient to notoriety, instead of use and happiness; it is disavowing attainments from the moral application of them, which so often makes genius, mind, and attainments to woman, a snare, an anxiety, and a reproach. Another remedy might be found, in equally high views of the influence of woman being early addressed to the heart and understanding of gifted girls, still based on the doctrine of responsibility. Show her that it is not in the quantity of talent, or influence, but in the faithful appropriation of each, that merit consists; and that the moment she is satisfied to use either for mere personal advantage, she has taken a step towards becoming weak and contemptible. The constant cry of all young imaginative minds, is,

What shall I do to be ever known?

But her next is, if a female, "there is nothing for women to do." She feels in the position of Esau: man has taken the birth-right; and she fancies that for her no blessing is left. Those who would comfort the grieving enthusiast by pointing out literary fame, would act neither wisely nor kindly: few of the many who feel the yearning are equal to the attainment of that fame; and, could nothing else be objected to the remedy, it involves no general principle. The fair answer is, to unfold to the complainant the records of biography; to show her the grand fact, that in most of the triumphs achieved by men, whether in arts, literature, morals, or religion, she has shared, and in the purest form, by having been their instructor, instigator, or friend. Separate and individual triumphs are the lot of few women, and those few are rarely happier for them; but collateral triumphs she may have without number. How few have been the distinguished men who have not acknowledged that their deepest obligations have, at some time or other, been to a wife, a sister, or, above all, a mother! Let the mind of every girl, especially of every girl of talent, be sedulously directed to this cheering view of female influence—to the beautiful and refreshing under-current which it may furnish in the troubled course of daily life. Women are accused of being inimical to enlarged views and principles: how should it be otherwise, unless early led to look beyond petty and individual interests?—unless early led to discover the glory of a life set apart to, and consecrated by  *duty*?—unless she be early convinced, that a passion for self-aggrandizement deteriorates mind, and alloys amiability? Perhaps, after all, the problem most difficult of solution, is, how to make heart and mind co-operate tranquilly,—imagination and will harmonize; how to manage female intellect in connexion with female sensibility. It is, perhaps, impossible that this result should ever be attained without much preparatory suffering; but surely the period of such suffering might be abridged. The highest, and yet the simplest mode of education, consists in teaching mind to manage itself—to understand and make efficient use of its peculiar endowments—to profit by

its own mistakes—and to bring into practical exercise what, in theory, it admires and loves. The melancholy, the romance, the ardour, if not untractableness, that more or less mark every gifted girl, arises mainly from unoccupied energy;—provide that energy with suitable employment, treat its possessor with tenderness, and, by degrees, what seemed strange and troublesome will pass away. Mrs. Colonel Hutchinson has left a curious picture of her childhood, which may be quoted in proof. "Play among other children" (we give her own words,) "I despised; and when I was forced to entertain such as came to visit me, I tired them with more grave instruction than their mothers, and plucked all their babies to pieces, and kept the children in such awe, that they were glad when I entertained myself with elder company, to whom I was very acceptable; and being in the house with many that had a great deal of wit, and very profitable serious discourse being frequent at my father's table, and in my mother's drawing-room, I was very attentive to all, and gathered up many things that I would repeat again, to the great admiration of many who took my memory and invention for wit." Now, the above is by no means an attractive picture; yet we know that this identical child afterwards matured into a matron and a heroine of the purest and stateliest kind—

A perfect woman, nobly planned  
To warn, to comfort, and command.

Her parents wisely discerned the folly of seeking to feed such a mind on accomplishments and imaginations; it asked for "strong meat," which was not withheld. With her brothers she was initiated in all grave, sound, masculine knowledge; and what was even better still, in the uses of it. She did not make the less affectionate wife or mother for the costly garniture bestowed upon her intellect: and those who remember how, by the exercise of that intellect, she stood between her husband and death, will frankly own that she made the better friend. The old political axiom of maintaining a balance of power amongst various states, might with advantage be adopted in female cultivation. Woman, as woman, is generally sure to abound in feeling: gifted woman is nearly sure to abound in its excess: hence, *she* stands less in need of stimulants than sedatives—of the spur less than the rein; yet, if sedative and spur are harshly inflicted, instead of a regulated mind, we may have a broken spirit. The natural remedy is, to cultivate the imagination by means of the understanding; the feelings in connexion with the faculties; the heart through the medium of the head. As a general hint, there was much wisdom in the advice given by an old mother to a young one: "stimulate the sensibility of your boys, and blunt that of your girls." There is nothing harsh in this last clause but the sound: the process may be effected in all grace and gentleness, by endeavouring to brace the nerves even when the heart is moved; by encouraging reason to sit as judge over sympathies and impulses; by showing that imagination and her conceptions, fancy and her fairy work, must, if good for anything, approve themselves at the bar of the understanding. Poetry and fiction devoured for amusement enervate the mind: poetry and fiction considered as subjects for study, and taken in

\* The previous Papers appeared in Nos. 222, 224, and 226.

connexion with high reading of other kinds, will have a sobering effect even upon the most imaginative and romantic. It is not thinking that unrealizes the mind, but musing and dreaming. Probably those who live least under the influence of imagination, are practised poets and novelists, and this, from the habit of submitting their inventions to the test of judgment and experience. Before closing these remarks, we must advert for a moment to a class of females who, as nearly as possible, seem to have all the good of cultivation and none of the evil. They may be called the enjoyers of literature, in opposition to the producers; the world never hears their names, and yet they may be clever and influential within their private sphere. Wanting genius, and free from ambition, they are interested in the minds both above and beneath them; their happiness is their chief concern: literature is the garnish of their lives, not its food; they value knowledge, but they never dream of celebrity. Every one acquainted with Madame Roland's 'Impartial Appeal,' knows her touching remark, of which the mention of these women has reminded us. We give it entire.

"The study of the Fine Arts considered as part of the education of a young woman, ought, in my opinion, to be less directed to the acquisition of distinguished talents than to the inspiring them with a love of employment; to the making them contract a habit of application, to the multiplying their means of amusement; for it is thus that we escape from that ennui which is the most cruel disease of man in society. Oh, what an injury did those do me who took it upon them to withdraw the veil under which I loved to remain concealed. If those who knew me had judged properly in respect to facts, they would have prevented me suffering a sort of celebrity which I never envied; instead of now spending my time in refuting falsehood, I should read a chapter in Montaigne, paint a flower, or play an ariette, and thus beguile the solitude of my prison without sitting down to write my confession."

## MEMOIR OF SHELLEY.

[Continued from p. 504.]

In the autumn of 1820 I accepted Shelley's invitation to winter with him at Pisa. He had been passing part of the summer among the chestnut forests of that delicious retreat—the baths of Lucca; and I found him at those of St. Julian, at the foot of the mountain, which Dante calls the Screen of Lucca. A few days after my arrival, we were driven from his house by the overflowing of the Serchio, and migrated to the south side of the Arno, at Pisa, next door to the Marble Palace, with the mystical inscription "Alla Giornata." Shelley complained of his health: his nerves seemed dreadfully shattered; but his appearance was youthful,—nay, almost boyish, although his hair (which had a natural wave) was mixed with grey. A few weeks only had elapsed since a singular, and almost incredible and dastardly outrage had been committed on him. He was at the post-office asking for his letters, when a stranger, on hearing his name, said, "What! are you that — atheist Shelley?" and without more preamble, being a tall powerful man, struck him a blow which felled to the ground and stunned him.

On coming to himself, Shelley found that the villain had disappeared. Raging with the insult, he immediately sought his friend Mr. Tighe, who lost no time in taking measures to obtain satisfaction. Mr. Tighe was some time in discovering the hotel at which the cowardly aggressor had put up, but at length traced him to the Donzelli. It seems that he was an Englishman, and an officer in the Portuguese service: his name I have now forgotten.

He had, however, started for Genoa, whither Mr. Tighe and Shelley followed, but without being able to overtake him, or learn his route from that city. This anecdote will show the feeling of animosity which the malice of Shelley's enemies had excited against him in the breasts of his compatriots;—but the time is happily past when Quarterly Reviews can deal out damnation, or that they can drive out of the pale of society, or point out as a mad dog to be knocked on the head, any one who does not happen to profess the same creed as themselves. How little did the *reverend* writer of that article know of Shelley, when he says that "from childhood he (Shelley) has carried about with him a soured and discontented spirit—untractable as a boy, and unamiable in youth—querulous and unmanly in all three." But as if this foul nomenclature was inexhaustible, the critic ends by taxing him with "low fraud, cold selfishness, and unmanly cruelty." Are such libellers to pass with impunity? Is this proper and decorous language from a clergyman?

Shelley's whole time was dedicated to study. He was then reading Calderon, and mad about the Autos; but he did not the more lay aside his favourite authors, the Greek dramatists: a volume of Sophocles he used to take with him in his rambles: generally had a book even at dinner, if his abstemious meal could be called one; and told me he always took a book to bed with him. In the evenings he sometimes read aloud a canto of Dante or Tasso, or a canzone of Petrarch. Though his voice was somewhat broken in the sound, his recitation of poetry was wonderfully effective, and the tones of his voice of varied modulation. He entered into the soul of his author, and penetrated those of his listeners.

Prince Mavrocordato was his daily, almost his only visitor. It was with peculiar delight that I listened to Shelley's spirited and poetical version of the Prometheus and Agamemnon of Æschylus;—in the last of which he used to rave about the opening chorus. He was become, as well he might be, disgusted with publishing, with seeing poets enjoying reputation who did not possess a tith of his genius, and some even of those decking themselves out, like daws, in his borrowed plumes. He used to say, that as he

† The reason for Byron's abstemiousness was a very different one from Shelley's. Like his late Majesty, Byron was horrified at the idea of getting fat; and to counteract this tendency of his to corpulence, mortified his Epicurean propensities. Hence he cinched four days in the week on fish and vegetables; and had even stinted himself, when I last saw him, to a pint of claret.

Naturam expellass furca, tamen usque recurret.

Thus his sensuality broke out now and then; and I have seen him eat of as great a variety of dishes, as a German at a *table d'hôte*. He succeeded, it is true, in overmastering nature, and clipping his rotundity of its fair proportions; but with it shrunk his cheek and his calf. This the Guiccioli observed, and seemed by no means to admire Milord's eremitish diet.

had failed in original compositions, he would translate the 'Prometheus'; and it is to be lamented that he did not carry his design into effect. His 'Cyclops' of Euripides and 'Hymn to Mercury' of Homer, are specimens of what his powers as a translator were, and how critically he was versed in Greek, and caught the true spirit of his authors. Plato he read with all the facility of a modern work, and had made a translation of the 'Symposium,'—an attempt so difficult, that the Germans pretend their language is alone capable of mastering it. This splendid effort I had hoped Mrs. Shelley would have given the public, having promised, in 1824, some of his posthumous prose works.

During this winter he wrote little—without encouragement, who can? One of his poems I must not, however, forget to mention, (and perhaps not the least exquisite, though it fell dead from the press,) the 'Epipsychidion.' This Psyche was the Contessina Emilia V. She was an interesting, beautiful, and accomplished girl, and immured in the odious Convent of St. Anne, by a jealous stepmother.

Shelley was a martyr to a most painful complaint, which constantly menaced to terminate fatally, and was subject to violent paroxysms, which, to his irritable nerves, were each a separate death. I had seen magnetism practised in India and at Paris, and at his earnest request consented to try its efficacy. Mesmer himself could not have hoped for more complete success. The imposition of my hand on his forehead instantaneously put a stop to the spasms, and threw him into a magnetic sleep, for a want of a better word, is called somnambulism. Mrs. Shelley and another lady were present. The experiment was repeated more than once.

During his trances I put some questions to him. He always pitched his voice in the same tone as mine. I inquired about his complaint, and its cure—the usual magnetic inquiries. His reply was—"What would cure me, would kill me," (alluding probably to lithotomy. I am sorry I did not note down some of his other answers. Animal magnetism is, in Germany, confined by law to the medical professors; and with reason—it is not to be trifled with. Shelley afterwards used to walk in his sleep; and Mrs. Shelley once found him getting up at night, and going to a window. It is remarkable, that in the case of the boy Matthew Schwir, recorded by Dr. Titchler, the patient spoke in French, as Shelley in Italian. He improvised also verses in Italian, in which language he was never known to write poetry. I am aware that in England the phenomena of animal magnetism are attributed to the imagination. I only state these facts that may perhaps shake the incredulity of the most sceptical.

Shelley was afterwards magnetized by a lady, to whom he addressed some lines, entitled,

## The Magnetic Lady to her Patient,

of which I remember some of the stanzas:—

Sleep on! sleep on! forget thy pain:  
My hand is on thy brow,  
My spirit on thy brain;  
My pity on thy heart, poor friend;  
And from my fingers flow  
The powers of life, and like a sign,  
Seal thee from thine hour of woe;  
And brood on thee, but may not blend  
With thine.

Sleep on! sleep on! I love thee not  
But when I think that he

Who made and makes my lot  
As full of flowers as thine of weeds;  
Might have been lost like thee;  
And that a hand which was not mine,  
Might then have chased his agony  
As I another's—my heart bleeds  
For thine.

Sleep, sleep, and with the slumber of  
The dead and the unborn:  
Forget thy life and woe;  
Forget that thou must wake forever;  
Forget the world's dull scorn;  
Forget lost health, and the divine  
Feelings that die in youth's brief morn;  
And forget me, for I can never  
Be thine.

Like a cloud big with a May shower,  
My soul weeps healing rain.  
On thee, thou withered flower,  
It breathes mute music on thy rest;  
Its odour calms thy brain!  
Its light within thy gloomy breast,  
Speaks like a second youth again.  
By mine thy being is to its deep  
Possess.

The spell is done. How feel you now?  
Better—Quite well, replied  
The sleeper. What would do  
You good when suffering and awake?  
Whate'er your head and side?  
'T would kill me what would cure my pain;  
And as I must on earth abide  
Awake, yet tempt me not to break  
My chain.

There has been an imaginary voyage of Lord Byron's to Corsica and Sardinia, with the Countess Guiccioli and Shelley, published by Galignani, and which has passed through several editions. This voyage is said to have taken place during the winter I passed at Pisa, and which Shelley never quitted. The writer of this vision conjures up a storm, and makes Shelley so terrified, that he is put on shore God knows where. Now, it so happens, that Shelley was never so much in his element as at sea. Storms were his delight; and when at the lake of Geneva, he used to be taken for Byron braving *Bises* in his boat, which none of the *Batteliers* could face.

Shelley was in danger of being lost more than once at sea, and had a very narrow escape in coming from the Isle of Man in the year 1813 or 1814. He had taken his passage in a small trading craft, which had only three hands on board. It was in the month of November, and the weather boisterous when they left Douglas, which soon increased to a dreadful gale. The Captain attributed to Shelley's exertions so much the safety of his vessel, that he refused, on landing, to accept his fare. It is a strange fancy some people have to libel the dead, in order to gratify the malignity of the living.

It was during my stay with Shelley that the Neapolitan insurrection broke out. His ardent mind, with a truly poetical, but, unhappily, not a prophetic spirit, hailed this as the dawn of Italian freedom; and as the Spanish short-lived revolution had inspired him with his magnificent 'Pean to Liberty,' so he then wrote his 'Ode to Naples,' compared with which, those of Collins have always seemed to me tame and lifeless. It has the merit of being, what few of our English modern odes (ill called so) are, really an ode, constructed on the model of those left us by Pindar, and worthy of the best days of Greece. The Italians are enthusiastic in their praise of this ode;—perhaps neither Felicia or Petrarch have produced any more sublime. Shelley could never endure Moore's lines against the Neapolitans, beginning, "Yes, down to the dust with them," &c. He used to say that such taunts came ill

from an Irishman; and, whether merited or no, were cruel and ungenerous. Shelley considered Coleridge's 'Ode to Switzerland' as the best in modern times. He knew it by heart, and used to declaim it and the 'Ancient Mariner' in his peculiar and emphatic manner. Byron knew as little what an ode meant, as he did a sonnet—the most difficult of all compositions.

Shelley's lines beginning,

There's blood on the ground,  
were not composed on the occasion of the Spanish revolution, as they are entitled, but on the Manchester massacre.

We had many conversations on the subject of Keats, who, with a mind and frame alike worn out by disappointment and persecution, was come to lay his bones in Italy. Shelley was enthusiastic in his admiration of 'Hyperion' and the Ode to Pan in the 'Endymion'; but was little partial to Keats's other works. Their correspondence at this period would prove highly interesting. Poor Keats died three days before I arrived at Rome, in March or April 1821; and much of the remainder of that year, which Shelley passed at the Baths of St. Julian, was occupied on 'Adonais,' which breathes all the tenderness of Moschus and Bion, and loses nothing in comparison with those divine productions on which it was modelled. Not the least valuable part of that Idyll is the picture he has drawn of himself, in the two well-known stanzas beginning "Mid others of less note." How well do those expressions, "a pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift!"—"a love in desolation marked"—"a power girl round with weakness"—designate him.

There is a passage in that elegy which has always struck me as among the sublimest in any language, though it is rather understood than to be explained, like Milton's "Smoothing the raven down," &c.

Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,  
Stains the white radiance of eternity,  
Until death tramples it to fragments.

His great amusement during this summer was with his friend Williams, to navigate the clear and rapid little river, the Serchio, and the canals that branch from it. This chosen companion and partaker of his fate, lived in the place of Pisan Villaggiatura, some miles higher up the stream, against which Shelley used often to tow his light skiff, in order to enjoy the rapidity of the descent. A boat was to Shelley what a plaything is to a child—his peculiar hobby. He was eighteen when he used to float paper ones on the Serpentine; and I have no doubt, at twenty-eight, would have done the same with any boy. It was the revival of this dormant passion for boat-building which led to the fatal project of building a schooner at Genoa, of a most dangerous construction: all her ballast, I forget how many pounds of lead, being in her keel.

It may be imagined that Shelley was of a melancholy cast of mind—on the contrary, he was naturally full of playfulness, and remarkable for the *fineness* of his ideas; and I have never met with any one in whom the brilliance of wit and humour was more conspicuous. In this respect he fell little short of Byron; and perhaps it was one of the great reasons why Byron found such a peculiar charm in his conversation. I doubt whether Byron could have surpassed him in

his Parody on Wordsworth's 'Peter Bell,' and some other fugitive pieces of the same kind, remarkable for a keen sense of the ridiculous.

At the latter end of this year he paid a visit to Lord Byron at Ravenna. He was then writing 'Cain,' and owes to Shelley the Platonic idea of his Hades and the phantasmal worlds—perhaps suggested to Shelley himself by Lucian's 'Icaro-Menippus.'

It was this visit which decided Byron on wintering at Pisa—a wish to be near Shelley was one of his inducements; independent of which, Tuscany was almost the only State in Italy where a foreigner, situated as Byron then was, could find refuge or safety. The part he took in the affair of Romagna, though denied by that veridical article in the *Westminster Review*, is now known;—nor shall I enter into the question how far he was wrong in intermeddling with the politics of other countries. I bear too great a love for Italy, and abhorrence of Austrian despotism, to blame him. Had not Cardinal Gonsalvi been then the Pope's prime minister, perhaps the stiletto (if he had not been openly arrested) would have ended his days. Byron's name is still a terror to the despots of Italy.† His writings have done much to fan the flame of liberty. Shelley used to say that poets were the unacknowledged legislators of the world.

I shall end this part of my sketch with some curious observations of his:—

"In one sense, religion may be called poetry, though distorted from the beautiful simplicity of its truth. The persons in whom this power abides may often, as far as regards many portions of their nature, be *Atheists*; but although they may *deny* and *abjure*, they are *compelled to serve*—which is seated in the *throne of their own soul*; and whatever systems they may *professedly* support, they *actually* advance the interests of liberty. It is impossible to read the productions of our most celebrated writers, whatever may be their systems relative to thought or expression, without being startled by the electric life which there is in their words.

\* Northcote used to take leave of his pupils going on their continental tours, with "Now, young man, remember you cross the Alps expressly to become a thief." Byron was as little scrupulous as the great artist in appropriating to himself the works of others; but he had the ingenuity to select those that were in bad repute, and therefore not generally read. Shelley's 'Queen Mab' and Casti's 'Novelle' were two of his favourite *cribbing* books. I taxed him roundly more than once with this habit of his; and especially of his having plagiarized his lines in 'Cain' from

Earth's distant orb appeared  
The smallest light that twinkles in the heavens;  
Whist round the chariot's way  
Innumerable systems rolled,  
And countless spheres diffused  
An ever varying glory, &c.

and of taking 'Don Juan' from Casti, *passim*. "I mean," said I to him, "one of these days to translate the 'Novelle.'" Byron seemed rather alarmed at the idea. "Casti! why you could not have a notion of such a thing? There are not ten Englishmen who have ever read the 'Novelle.' They are a scaled book to women. It is in the Pope's Index. The Italians think nothing of it."—"What do you think of it, Byron?"—"I shan't tell you," replied he, laughing, and changed the subject. Speaking of the 'Index Expurgatorius,' Shelley used to tell an amusing anecdote of the Roman Doganieri. On passing the frontier, his books were searched with much strictness, and among them was a Spinoza and an English Bible. Which do you suppose was seized and confiscated? The Bible!

† Some months since, being at Genoa, the police, hearing that I had been with Byron at Pisa, sent me an order to leave the city in twenty-four hours, on the suspicion of my being a Carbonaro. It is true, that on my arrival at Turin, our ambassador offered me his protection; but British officers and subjects are now insulted in every petty state.



They measure the circumference and sound the depths of human nature, with a comprehensive, all-embracing, all-penetrating spirit, at which they are themselves most sincerely astonished: it is less their own spirit, than the spirit of the age. They are the priests of an unapprehended inspiration—the mirror of the gigantic shadow that invests them—the echoes of words, of which they conceive not the power which they express—the trumpet which sounds to battle, and feels not what it inspires—the influence that is moved not, but moves. Poets and philosophers [*he repeats*] are the unacknowledged legislators of the world."

(To be continued next week.)

#### MONEY.

WE have great pleasure in having it in our power to present our readers with an abstract of the very interesting *historical* notice on this subject, which formed a part of the Lectures lately read by the elder Mr. Landseer at the Mechanics' Institution.

Strange as it will appear to those who are more accustomed to active life than to silent speculation, Assyria, (says Mr. Landseer,) with her immense hosts, and her spacious and magnificent cities, had no money—Egypt, opulent, populous, mysterious, and abundant Egypt, had no money—Ancient Persia, before the age of the first Darius, had no money—the early Hebrews, even during the most prosperous period of the age of Solomon, and down to the time of Judas Maccabæus, were without money—Etruria, from first to last, was without money—Rome was without money to the time of Servius Tullius—and the Greeks of the heroic ages were equally destitute of money.

Among all those nations, gold and silver, when used in barter, was weighed out by the scales; as when Abraham purchased the cave of Machpelah, he "weighed to Ephron the silver which he had named in the audience of the sons of Heth;" moreover, there was anciently no money in Arabia, or the riches of the Patriarch Job would not have been estimated by his camels, oxen, and she asses: and there was none in Greece down to the time of Homer, who nowhere mentions or alludes to it, but, on the contrary, by informing us, that the armour of Diomedes cost only nine oxen, while that which Glaucus generously gave in exchange for it, cost one hundred, shows that cattle, in their larger purchases, were made the current measure of value. It is from this circumstance too, of oxen and asses being at the time the ordinary and known signs of property, and current measure of value, that we find them specifically mentioned in the tenth commandment; and the virtuous prohibition of covetousness derives local intelligibility from the notoriety of the fact.

The invention of coining was not only a very curious adaptation of engraving to the purposes of Society, but an important event in the History of the World. It is not, however, known when or in what country money first became the substitute for cattle and unstamped bullion, as the general representative of property and the measure of value. Mr. Landseer is of opinion that the Darics, issued by the first Darius, are the oldest Persian coins that were ever minted in that empire.

There is, however, reason to believe, that Darics were not the very first coins which the world had beheld. Montesquieu is of opinion, that the Lydians first found out the art of coining money. By others, the invention is attributed to Phidon of Argos. But the arts of dyeing, engraving, and of the mintage of money, were, no doubt, like most other arts, progressive. That ingots of bullion were in commercial use, that

stamps were applied to them in order to save time, and the constant reference to the scales, and that barter was thus facilitated in Western Asia for ages prior to that of Lycurgus, are not only facts very supposable and credible in themselves, but may be authenticated from the circumstance of "stamped ingots" being alluded to in the Hebrew and Arabic versions of the book of Job. Thus it may be seen how possible it is for very numerous and extensive communities to arrive at national and commercial prosperity, and to attain popular happiness or comfort without money, without even the knowledge of that which to modern habitudes and to some modern philosophers appears to be so indispensable to every purpose of life, and almost even to existence itself. India, Persia, Assyria, Judæa, Egypt, Greece, Etruria, Rome, the nations of Asia Minor, including Tyre and its dependencies, all arrived at civilization and comfort without the current use of cash, and carried on their extensive mercantile and manufacturing transactions, merely by bartering commodities in kind—bullion being reckoned amongst those commodities. These nations were populous, almost beyond credibility, and transported their produce, manufactures, and other merchandizes in ships of Tyre and Tarshish from Ophir, and the utmost Indian Isle (which is believed to have been Ceylon), to Gaul and our own Cassiterides.

We regret that it is not in our power to accompany the lecturer further in his important and interesting inquiry, but must conclude with a brief historical notice of money in England.

Coined golden money appears to have existed here as early as the reign of Cunobelin, the father of Caractacus, but there is reason to believe its use reached not far beyond the payment of British tributes to Rome, where larger and more ponderous articles of property could not easily have been transmitted; since Adam Smith informs us, that the Saxon Kings of England, for several ages after Cunobelin, record their revenues not in money, but in kind, that is to say, in cattle, corn, and the more endurable species of provisions. William the Conqueror introduced the custom of paying the royal revenues in cash: the money, however, was for a long time received at the Exchequer by weight, and not by tale.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THE Reform Bill promises to be fertile in matters of art. An eminent sculptor, we hear, has been chosen to perpetuate in marble the labours of the chief men of the ministry; the hint is to be taken from the signing of Magna Charta, and the portraits of Lord Althorp, Lord Brougham, Lord John Russell, Sir Francis Burdett, Earl Grey, Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, and other Reformers, are to put on the sentiment of patriotism in Parian stone. Nor is this all, a column of granite 180 feet high, is proposed to be erected, with the King on the summit, and the base ornamented with bas-reliefs, describing in bronze the different stages of the Reform Bill with its final triumph. Other columns of the same character are talked of. We will venture to predict that none of them will be carried into execution. When the nation was clapping its hands and shouting for the victories of Nelson—an eminent sculptor, Flaxman, proposed to carve a Britannia some two hundred feet high on Greenwich Hill, in honour of our naval triumphs; the nation applauded the notion, as they do the Reform Column, and then turned to something else and thought no more about it.

Of literature we have heard little this week; when the public grows weary of republications,

it will desire something original; but little that can be called original seems at present promised.

Mr. Mason, we hear, is anxious to obtain permission to give German operas in the months of November and December. This might not prove an unprofitable speculation. Although the fashionable patrons of music are then absent from town, there is a large class of residents to whom the Germans chiefly owe their success, who would certainly give him their willing support. We are, indeed, inclined to think that it would be a very beneficial regulation to give nothing but German operas, up to Easter, when the principal Italian singers having fulfilled their engagements in Italy and at Paris, Mr. Mason might secure a most efficient and complete corps.

Laporte is said to be in treaty with Malibran for Covent Garden; we doubt much if he will succeed, as she is already engaged for Naples and Milan. Mad. Grisi and her sister, with Tamburini, are also engaged for the forthcoming season at Paris. Should Mr. Mason retain the theatre, Grisi will return to complete her engagement.

Moscheles and Schlesinger are now at Hamburg. Mr. Neate shortly leaves for the Continent, and John Cramer is gone to the Modern Athens, where he has before played with unbounded success. Thus these celebrated pianists migrate from country to country with their passport at their fingers' ends. Oury, the violinist, and his wife, the celebrated pianiste Madlle. Belleville, are on their way to the Russian capital.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Aug. 7.—Papers were read 'On the drying of plants for the Hortus Siccus,' and 'On the advantages of irrigating garden grounds by means of tanks or ponds.' The first communication was by Dr. Knight, of Marischal College, Aberdeen, and the second by Mr. Knight, the President of the Society.

The flowers and fruits exhibited were very beautiful, especially the carnations, piceotes salvias, verbenas, noblesse peaches, and striped Hoosinee melons; an ingenious contrivance was also exhibited, by which a flower-stand of three or four stages could be instantly metamorphosed into an armed bench. A new part of the Transactions was announced as being ready for delivery. Notice was also given, that, in consequence of the meeting room being about to undergo repair, the meetings would be suspended until the 2nd of October.

Lieut.-Colonel O'Reilly, and Thomas Warden, Esq., were elected Fellows of the Society.

#### FINE ARTS

Colonel Murray's *National Work*, in which the *Literature and History of the Country* are connected with its *finest scenes*. Part IV.

WE have hitherto spoken favourably of this work; there is considerable merit in the landscapes, and no little skill in the views of the ruins; nor has the pen failed to do its devoir in the undertaking; in truth, many of the descriptions were very graphic, and some of the anecdotes new and national. The author, however, has called in the aid of the muse to embellish what is plain, and inspire what is dull, and has thus robbed the work of the charm of truth and reality: nor is this all; it is the pleasure of the muse, to treat us to flights of very ordinary minstrelsy. The slumberous influence

of the verse, is not quite enough to make us forget 'The Pass of Killiecrankie,' 'Schiehallien,' 'Portree,' and 'The Storr.' The latter is a singular scene, with its pillared and pinnacled rocks, which seem to pierce the sky, and are only fit for the seat of the eagle.

## MUSIC

## KING'S THEATRE.

THIS eventful season terminated on Saturday last, when with increased success, Paer's 'Agnes,' and Albert's 'L'Anneau Magique,' were given to a crowded house. The German company, shorn of its honours, by the absence of Mad. Devrient, Mdle. Schneider, Haitzinger, and Pellegrini, closed their season the night previous, with an indifferent representation of 'Fidelio'; however, in justice to Mad. Fischer, we must say that she sang the part satisfactorily, and in other respects was not so much inferior to Devrient as we had expected.—A loud and very protracted call for the manager, was at last obeyed. 15,000*l.* for the compliment is, as Franklin would have said, paying too dear for a whistle.

## THEATRICALS

## COVENT GARDEN—FRENCH PLAYS.

THE play of 'Henry III.' by M. Alexandre Dumas, was given here on Saturday last. It has been previously made known to the English public through the medium of a clever but somewhat heavy translation by Lord Leveson Gower, acted at this house, under the title of 'Catherine of Cleves.' The French play is extremely well written, and the principal part is acted by Mdle. Mars, in a style which throws criticism on its back, and makes panegyric cry out for a new dictionary. The elegance, the chasteness, the truth, and general beauty of the performance, cannot be equalled by any living performer; and its occasional power in those parts which touch on the province of tragedy, has not been evinced by any other actress since the best days of Mrs. Siddons. The acting of Mdle. Mars, when she first appears on the couch in *Rugieri's* apartment, and where she is, for some time, between sleeping and waking;—her avowal to *St. Megrin* of the passion for him which has long been devouring her in secret;—and the thrilling tones of mortal despair in which she utters the words "Rien—rien," after a vain look round the chamber to discover something by which the object of her adoration may descend from the window, and escape impending assassination, will never—*can never*—be forgotten by those who were present. To know the effect which consummate art can produce in the utterance of the two simple words we have quoted, it must be witnessed, for it is beyond the reach of imagination. Those words, "Rien—rien," as delivered by this gifted being, will ring in our ears as long as our senses permit us to have a care or a recollection about the stage. If it is permitted to joke upon a subject on which we feel so seriously, we should say that never before was so much made of *nothing*. But one or two more opportunities remain to an English audience of beholding the passions, as painted by this unrivalled artiste, of watching the awful storms and sunny calms with which she alternately agitates and soothes her hearers. Those who have the best taste will be most eager to seize them. Nothing official has been said about this being her last professional visit to London, and we look with confidence to M. Laporte to take care that it is not so.

Mdle. Taglioni made her last appearance at Covent Garden on Monday, on which occasion the last new ballet, 'La Sylphide,' was repeated. The sun of her dancing set in a storm of applause. Here again we feel the want of language to express our admiration; nor is it sur-

prising that we should—her dancing is so little of the earth that mortal terms seem scarcely applicable to it. After the ballet, the newspapers inform us that Mdle. Taglioni proceeded to the Tower, and embarked in a steamer for France. It might be all very well for her to send her trunks that way, because they would, perhaps, be inconvenient to carry through the air—but why she herself should have sought the troubles of a sea voyage, when three bounds would have taken her to Dover, and one more have landed her on Calais pier, we cannot guess. Report says that she is already married—if so, her husband has acted wisely in concealing the fact—it is his only chance to escape falling a victim to public indignation. Report also mentions something much more agreeable—which is, that this dancing comet will again be visible at Covent Garden in November and December next. We recommend good glasses to be kept in readiness.

## HAYMARKET THEATRE.

ON Wednesday night, after O'Keefe's comedy of 'The Young Quaker,' in which, by the way, Miss Turpin sang some snatches of ballads very much as they should be sung,—we saw here an "original two-act comedy," (we quote from the bill,) which was first produced on Saturday last. It is scarcely necessary at this eleventh hour to detail the plot; but it may be well to state that it turns mainly on the rash determinations, and as ready abandonments of those determinations, by one *Mr. Sudden*, in whom, by his mere appellation, the reader will easily detect Mr. Farren. This part is very well planned, and certainly well executed, by Mr. Buckstone, the author of the piece; yet, if we did not already owe much to that author, on the score of amusement, and at the same time like much to speak well of all we see, we should be inclined to carp somewhat at one or two little commonplace matters needlessly introduced in it;—such, for instance, as the old and worn-out gag (for it is nothing better,) of giving a direction to a servant, then letting him get as far as the door—then calling him back again for a few more words—then suffering him to make a second half exit, and again having him back again with "And, d'y'e hear, John?" and so on continually, until the whole is wound up with the usual "Oh nothing." We object to these messages by instalments; but Mr. Buckstone is an old and a clever stager, and "*verbum sap.*" We have said above, that the interest of this piece turns mainly upon the conduct of a character played by Mr. Farren; but one good turn deserves another, and that other is furnished by a part enacted by Mrs. Glover. This excellent actress played to the life a mother anxious to see her daughters settled in life; and who accordingly smiles, and frowns, and coaxes, and storms, as occasion calls for, until they are all settled with a vengeance; for in the last scene we find these cared-for young ladies severally united to Poverty, Vulgarity, and Imposture. The moral of this piece, in both its main intentions, is good—the writing pleasant—and the acting excellent. For further particulars inquire at the theatre, any time after seven in the evening. We need say no more—but stop—(as Mr. Sudden says)—"second thoughts"—we need say more—and that is this—Mrs. Humby played a little but important character in Mrs. Humby's very best manner; and more than that we can't say, whether we need or not.

## STRAND THEATRE.

NOVELTIES are produced so fast at this theatre, that they push one another off their stools before they are well seated. This system is unfair both to authors and actors, and we much doubt its being beneficial to managers. The rapid succession of new parts prevents the possibility of the performers being perfect, even in their

words, on a first night; and before a piece has been repeated often enough to give them a chance of becoming so, a new visitor is announced, and the last comer takes leave. These remarks were particularly applicable on Monday night to a new interlude, called 'Six to Four on the Colonel,' in which it was quite evident, if not to the audience generally, at least to those who had any stage experience, that all concerned were much more abroad than at home. However, the audience seemed disposed to overlook what the actors had not looked over, and all went smoothly. Some smart sayings and sentences here and there were so much laughed at and applauded, that we feel justified in asking for the remainder,—a favour which, we hope, it will not be thought too much to grant. Mr. Abbott bustled pleasantly enough through the principal part, and suited his actions, we presume, to the words. When the words come, we shall be better able to judge. Mr. Forrester is a lively and agreeable actor, and, we are happy to add, an improving one. Mr. Williams was, as usual, careful, painstaking, sensible, and attentive to his part. Mrs. Honey is a sweet little woman, and has only to stick to what she touches to make that sweet also. As its name imports, the odds were 'Six to Four on the Colonel' at starting. The lead was taken and kept, and the owner, or author, is clearly entitled to the stakes.

As if determined to justify the remarks we have made above, the management has showered two more new pieces on the town, both of which were represented for the first time on Thursday night. The first, called in the bills "an original petite comedy," and entitled 'Ladies at Court,' is stated upon the same indisputable authority, to be by "a celebrated author." We have not the honour of knowing whose head this cap is intended to fit, but have much pleasure in congratulating the little unknown upon his previously acquired celebrity, seeing how slender a chance there is of any accruing to him from his present exertions. In one respect, it is one of the grandest pieces we ever saw, for there is a Grand Duke—and a Grand Chamberlain—and a singer at the Grand Opera. The grand chamberlain has a nephew, (or grand nephew, perhaps,) and he is in love with a milliner—and he is also in love with the opera singer—and he has had some adventure of some sort at some time with some countess—and the countess appears to be the mistress of her master, the Grand Duke, and nobly refuses to become his wife—and the opera singer goes to the milliner's, where she meets the nephew—and the countess comes there too, and meets him also, and they are jealous of one another, and the milliner is jealous of both; and then the milliner is sent for to court, and appears there in fine clothes—and obtains from the Grand Duke a pardon for her lover, the aforesaid nephew, for something that he has done; and she snubs the old chamberlain, who wants to make love to her; and the Grand Duke is told that the council waits, and he lets it wait; and some guns are fired, and an insurrection is announced; and the Grand Duke says, the chamberlain's nephew is at the head of it, and the nephew comes, and says he isn't, and talks about saving his country and marrying the milliner; and all this leads to the conclusion of the piece, which is the only satisfactory conclusion we came to. There were a few sentences of smartish writing here and there; and this is all the praise we can, in justice, award to the piece—except, that if it is free from attraction, it is at least free from offence. If it should have a run, we think we can guess which way it will be. If we have not been clear in our description of the plot, we beg to say, that it is the plot's own fault. The effect of it on us was like looking at a quadrille party without hearing the music—one sees people in vigorous commotion without being able to imagine what moves them,

The other new production, 'The Loves of the Angels,' is one of far more pretension, and is entitled on that score to a more extended notice than, at this late period of the week, we can afford either time or space for. It is evidently constructed and written at the pieces called 'Olympic Revels' and 'Olympic Devils,' which have for the last two seasons been playing at Madame Vestris's theatre. The imitation is by no means an unsuccessful one, and the author (Mr. W. L. Rede, an actor at the Strand Theatre,) is entitled to credit for his exertions. The piece promised better at the beginning than its subsequent stages justified. The dialogue was sprightly, and the versification easy, with occasional hits, which were well given and taken, and which elicited repeated shouts of laughter from the audience. The author, however, seemed to us to have written himself out almost before the first scene was over—certainly before the end of the first act. We think his mistake to have been, that he has fancied his task an easier one than it was. As the piece proceeded, the humour receded, and the rhymes became too forced even for comic licence. The acting was good and spirited throughout.—Mrs. Waylett, Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Honey, and the author himself, Mr. Rede, deserving, in particular, honourable mention. The music is extremely pretty throughout, and is arranged with that good taste which distinguishes Mr. A. Lee. Its only defect is, clearly, that it is of too sombre a character, and, indeed, there is too much attempt at the pathetic in the dialogue itself, for an entertainment of this description. The whole thing will doubtless be improved by repetition; but its reception by the audience, though good, was not such as to justify us in predicting for it either a very long or a very profitable run.—When a prize is given for bad scenery, the painter of this will be the fortunate youth.

#### MISCELLANEA

*The Egyptian Sphinxes.*—In a brief notice in the *Athenæum*, of the 14th of last month, it was mentioned, that these Sphinxes, just arrived at Cronstadt, had been presented by the Pasha of Egypt to the Russian Autocrat. We have now good authority for correcting this statement. The Sphinxes were, it appears, purchased by Mr. Rosetti, of Alexandria, agent for the Emperor of Russia, for a sum equivalent to nearly fifty-five thousand francs, from a Mr. Jarri, a Greek, to whom the Pasha has liberally conceded permission to explore for remains of antiquity.

*Naples, July 16.*—"A pier, which projects already deep into the bay, and abuts on the Molosillo (or Little Mole), close to the arsenal under the windows of the King's palace, will, when it is completed, form a new harbour, on one side of which, ships of war, and, on the other, merchant vessels, will ride at anchor far more snugly than in the old port.—A young naturalist of the name of Pilla, has associated himself with a few friends for the purpose of publishing a *Giornale del Vesuvio*, in which the public will be kept constantly informed of every successive occurrence, any ways connected with our turbulent neighbour. Pilla has already essayed his pen on a description of his ascent of Vesuvius in January last. It appeared a short time since in the *Progresso delle Scienze*, a new scientific journal."

*Polish Heroism.*—At the storming of Warsaw, the principal battery was defended by only two battalions, but with such bravery as history can hardly parallel. When it was evident that it could no longer hold out, several privates of the artillery seated themselves on powder barrels and blew themselves up. But the conduct of General Sowinski was truly heroic. Having lost one foot, he was, at his earnest request, seated on a chair, and placed on the altar of the desperately-defended church, where he continued

to give orders until the last of his comrades was cut down, when, drawing forth two pistols, he, with one, shot a Russian who was rushing upon him, and, with the exclamation—"So dies a Polish general!" fired the other through his own heart.

We observe, by the American papers, that among the forthcoming volumes of the New York Family Library is Mr. Taylor's 'Civil Wars of Ireland.'

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of	Thermom.	Barometer.	Winds.	Weather.
W. & Mon.	Max. Min.	Mean.		
Th.	2 83 60	29.78	N.E. to N.	Rain P.M.
Fr.	3 72 53	29.80	N.E. to N.	Cloudy.
Sat.	4 71 53	Stat.	S.W. to W.	Ditto.
Sun.	5 68 52	Stat.	S.W. to W.	Rain A.M.
Mon.	6 70 52	Stat.	W.	Clear.
Tues.	7 80 52	Stat.	W.	Ditto.
Wed.	8 92 64	Stat.	W.	Ditto.

*Prevailing Clouds.*—Cirrocumulus, Cumulus, Cumulostratus.

Nights and Mornings for the greater part fair. Much thunder and lightning P.M. on Thursday.

Mean temperature of the week, 72°.

Day decreased on Wednesday, 11. 36 min.

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

Mr. G. W. Collen, of the Herald's College, is compiling a Map of Great Britain, showing its divisions during the Saxon Octarchy, with a Synoptical Table. This Map is to be lithographed and coloured.

The Translator of Prince Puckler Muskau's Tour is now occupied in translating Falk's work, called 'Gothe, drawn from near Personal intercourse.'

Illustrations of Morbid Anatomy, adapted to Andral's Elements, the London Cyclopaedia of Practical Medicine, &c. by J. Hope, M.D., F.R.S., Physician to the Marylebone Infirmary. To be published in monthly numbers, with coloured lithographic plates, from original drawings by the Author.

*Just published.*—Rowe's Boundary Act, with Notes, 3s.—Hough's Vade Mecum, 12mo. 2s.—Page's Memoirs of Jones, 12mo. 3s.—Comparative Coincidence, 3 vols. 8vo. 12s.—Devonshire and Cornwall Illustrated, 4to. 2s.—Santarem, or, Sketches of Society and Manners in Portugal, 12mo. 6s.—French Classics, Vol. 16, 4s. 6d.—Wilson and Bonaparte's American Ornithology, 3 vols. 8vo. 3l. 3s.—Constable's Miscellany, Vol. 75, Butterflies, Vol. 1, 3s. 6d.—Translation of the Veds, &c., by Hammohd Roy, 8vo. 7s.—Hawker's Evening portrait, miniature edit. 32mo. 4s.—Fawcett's Reflections and Admirable Hints, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Encyclopaedia Britannica, 7th edit. Vol. 5, Part 2, 1s.—Legends of the Rhine, 3 vols. 12. 11s. 6d.—Memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes, Vol. 3, 8vo. English, 14s.—Sherer's Memoirs of the Duke of Wellington, 2 vols. 10s.—Keir on Cholera, 8vo. 5s.—Tad on the Ear, 8vo. 7s. 6d.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS

Thanks to C. F. J.—J. P.—C. W.

We cannot answer a country subscriber, but believe it now depends on the judgment of the publisher.

H. should have given us his name. It would have saved us some trouble. An anonymous report cannot be relied on. He has, however, and deserves our very best thanks.

It would occupy at least half a day to read over the letters we have received relating to steam-carriages. All answers to such correspondence must therefore be deferred for another week at least.

The writer of 'The Reformer' protests against our judgment of his work. And Mr. Brathwaite feels himself aggrieved at a statement in the notice of Ross's unfortunate expedition, where it is said, that "his ship was fitted with boilers of a new construction, which have been since proved not to answer the high expectations then formed of them." Both parties require us to print their letters. These requests have the appearance of being so reasonable, that we always regret it is not in our power to comply with them—but like letters received within the last month, would alone occupy a whole *Athenæum*. Mr. Brathwaite, however, speaks to a fact, and we shall leave his report to be judged by our readers: "I shall be ready," he observes, "to supply the writer with a list of not a few manufacturing establishments in and about the metropolis, where boilers have been made on the same plan, and continue to the present hour in constant and successful operation." And now a word to the writer of 'The Reformer.' When we read his first letter, we felt unmitigated regret that it was impossible to condemn a bad book without hazard of hurting the feelings of a good man; but now that he has ventured to insinuate mean motives, as influencing our conduct, and dared to threaten us, we have subdued into indifference. He has our full permission to follow Sir Fretful's example, and shame the rogues, by "diffusing his own statement as widely, nay, more widely, than the circulation of the *Athenæum*." We only hope, for his sake, we may not be provoked into a reply.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS

Just published, in 1 vol. small 8vo. 6s. cloth, **SANTAREM; or, Sketches of Society and Manners in the Interior of PORTUGAL.**

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**Volume Forty**, which concludes **WOODSTOCK**, will appear on 1st September.

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